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Current Comments

Lord Haig and Lord Oxford

By the deaths of Lord Haig and Lord Oxford the dignity of our public life is impoverished. Controversy will gather round both reputations, and this is not only right but desirable; the two men had, however, one thing in common which cannot be controverted. They maintained a standard of public decency imperilled by their contemporaries, and they combined magnanimity with reticence in an age which cares for neither, and prefers the easier course of taking men at their Press-agent's valuation. It is less curious than unfortunate that these particular qualities, indispensable to their achievement, should have lessened their influence on certain critical occasions. That Lord Oxford, falling from power in a manner singularly discreditable to some of his colleagues, should have so far withdrawn from active political controversy as to find himself at the end of the war politically isolated, was inevitable. It was, however, a misfortune not only for England, but for Europe, that his historically trained mind and judicial temper were not called in to assist in the infinitely difficult task of framing the peace treaty. Lord Oxford could never have suffered eclipse at that critical time had he enjoyed a popular following, and it is a disquieting commentary on the age of political democracy that men who combine dignity, reticence, and the judicial temperament, seem unable to command such a following in times of public excitement.

Lord Haig's temporary eclipse in 1917 and his failure to obtain from the Government the necessary reinforcements at the end of that year, might well have had results even more disastrous to Europe. His virtual supersession by Nivelle at the instance of Mr. Lloyd George led, in fact, indirectly to the mutinies in the French Army, and directly to the wrecking of the whole 1917 campaign. That again could never have happened had Haig enjoyed either with his armies or at home the prestige of a great popular commander. Much is being written now of the respect in which he was held by the rank and file in France. The fact is that this respect was paid to his personality as an individual, not to his quality as a commander-in-chief.

Neither Lord Oxford nor Lord Haig ever cared to appeal to the crowd or to enlist the services of the popular Press, and if they had done so, they would hardly have secured the verdict. The equable temperament, the trained mind, are indispensable to those who would lead men to wise decisions in times of stress. They are not, however, popular qualities, and it is doubtful whether a system of government which tends more and more to gain its impetus from the crowd on whose suffrages it relies, can be expected for much longer to allow men with these qualities a predominant share in the control of events. We can only be thankful that the crisis of 1914 found still in power a few public servants of an earlier tradition. Among them Lord Haig and Lord Oxford take pride of place.

The Whig Tradition

We said above that controversy would assail both reputations. It is desirable that it should. Lord Oxford will go down to history for two reasons. He destroyed the absolute veto of the House of Lords and he brought Great Britain as a united nation with an honourable and compelling cause into the European War. Conservatives will not forget the first achievement; pacifists and internationalists will never forgive the second; yet both were in the Whig tradition in which the eighteenth-century detachment, amounting almost to cynicism, and the lofty eighteenth-century patriotism,

amounting almost to enthusiasm, have alike survived. This is not the place to discuss the rights or wrongs of the still living controversy which centres round the House of Lords, but it would be wholly wrong to suppose that Lord Oxford himself at the close of his career had any regrets about the part he played. He was not, of course, guided in his policy by any vapid belief in the signs of a new dawn on the Welsh, or even the Chiltern, hills. He was determined in his course by nothing more sinister than the traditional Whig belief in Government and the Whig hatred of a constitutional impasse threatening the foundations of public respect for the forms of legality. He feared anarchy; he was contemptuous—perhaps too contemptuous—of the risks of revolution. He was too Olympian, not too complaisant. Universally execrated at the time, he was more fortunate than many statesmen in that he had the opportunity of displaying his quality as a patriot and his strength as a statesman in circumstances which forbade misunderstanding. But the Asquith of August 1914 was the same man as the Asquith of 1911. Critics may assail his sense of political perspective on the earlier occasion, but history will not admit any slur on his personal rectitude or his unbending patriotism.

Lord Haig as a Strategist

LORD HAIG'S reputation on the personal side is equally unassailable. So, too, is his professional reputation as a great staff officer and a great defensive general. His leading at the first battle of Ypres, when he was in actual, though not official, command, and in the desperate days of March and April 1918, belongs to history. So, too, does his organization of the final victorious advance. His reputation as a strategist is less secure. It is impossible not to think that in 1916 and 1917 he was offering hostages to fortune in pursuing a policy of attrition which, because it in fact wore down his own armies faster than those of the enemy, must in any case ultimately have restored the initiative to the enemy. It is sometimes said that the collapse of Russia produced a critical situation which could not have been foreseen, and as far as the actual revolution is concerned, this is fair comment. Generally,

however, it is not. Falkenhayn in 1915 deliberately set out to break Russia's military power, and he succeeded so well as to produce, or at any rate to hasten, her political disruption. That Germany was able in 1915, 1916, 1917 to destroy in succession the military power of Serbia, Russia, Rumania, and Italy is at the least significant as a criticism of the conduct of the "holding" battle in the West. For the disasters of 1915, leaving their lamentable mark on the world's history, Lord Haig was in no way responsible, but although the Allies had lost their supreme opportunity by the end of that year, Haig, in 1916 and 1917, enabled the Central Powers to exploit ruthlessly the opportunities with which we had presented them. Admittedly, the reasons which led Haig to his persistent offensives were weighty; but Lord Haig, as Lord Haldane well said in the House of Lords after his death, was one of those mainly responsible for the organization of the brain-power of our army in the pre-war years, and the worst service that could be done to his memory would be to desist from the examination of these great problems of strategy with which his period of command was faced. On the soundness of their military doctrine the security of a nation must ultimately depend.

Lord Haig's Contribution to Victory

PROBABLY it would be fair to say that, neither in the army nor outside it, was the real nature of national war as reintroduced by Napoleon properly understood before the war. National war is different, not in degree but in kind, from the wars to which the British army was accustomed. Consideration of finance, of moral, of politics enter predominately into the grand strategy, and give to time and place an importance which they wholly lacked in the limited wars of the British army in the nineteenth and earlier centuries. In the late war, time, which the British high command assumed to be on their side, turned out to be against them. The result was the defeats of March, April, and June 1918, which were neutralized only by reason of the American intervention. Had the Russian revolution broken out two months earlier (and if Falkenhayn had not vetoed Ludendorff's

ambitious plans for a military decision in North Russia in the autumn of 1915, it almost certainly would have done so), America would not have been challenged by Germany, and the issue of the war might have been startlingly different. When, however, our chance came in August 1918, Lord Haig, more than any other single man except Foch, appreciated it. Haig's armies exploited it almost single-handed. Indeed, without Haig's organization and determination the victory would not have been ours until 1919. Haig's decision to persist in his last historic offensives in the face of the cynical scepticism of politicians at home was as brave as it was wise. Whatever mistakes may have been made in his earlier strategy, that act of courage, based as it proved to have been on a reasoned forecast of events and carried through with skill and resolution of the highest order, will not be forgotten when his claim to be reckoned a strategist as well as a tactician is debated by military and political students.

The Franchise Bill

THE political situation remains lifeless. The King's Speech and subsequent speeches by the Prime Minister and Mr. Winston Churchill make it clear that no first-class political issue other than the Franchise Bill is to be raised before the Budget, and probably not then. The passing of the Franchise Bill is, of course, assured, and not even the asinine demonstration of a body of young women at Buckingham Palace and elsewhere on the day of the opening of Parliament will imperil the Government's majority. Perhaps the political ineptitude of the quondam suffragette leaders may justify the confidence of the supporters of the extension of the Franchise that no Machiavellian policies are to be feared from our feminine masters. Those, however, who feel that collective folly is already enjoying an undue licence will continue to regard with a certain cynicism the formal adherence of the Conservative Party to the doctrine of the divine right of numbers.

It is, we fear, not even possible to hope that the Franchise Bill will provide for the disqualification of those in receipt of relief from the guardians.

THE Franchise apart, the most interesting paragraph of the King's Speech is that dealing with rating reform. The belief that a substantial reduction of national expenditure can be achieved by dismissing a number of Civil Servants (misscalled clerks) from Whitehall has done incalculable harm to the cause of economy. The fact is that the control of expenditure, as far as the Civil Service estimates are concerned, has been largely surrendered by the central government to the local authorities, in cases where it is not precisely governed by legislation, as in the case of health and unemployment insurance, war pensions, old age pensions, and widows' pensions. The system of percentage grants under which the taxpayer shoulders half or more of the cost of health and education services administered locally is essentially vicious, and any reform of local government finance will be judged in the final instance by this test. Does it restore to the taxpayer the unfettered control, month by month and day by day, of all expenditure which falls to be met out of taxes? Subject to this essential condition there is much to be said for changing the present incidence of our rating system with a view to relieving certain classes of industrial undertakings from an utterly disproportionate contribution. It must not be forgotten, however, that the root cause of the difficulty in the North is the simple fact that local authorities are living beyond their means. So long as those who pay rates cannot effectively control those who spend them, this state of affairs will continue. The problem, in other words, is not only, or even mainly, one of readjusting the incidence of a necessary burden, but of curtailing expenditure on grounds which are at once moral and economic. The control and reduction of local expenditure have become essential to the restoration of trade. A mere shifting of the burden on to the taxpayer, or from one ratepayer to another, will actually aggravate the disease by leaving the immediate burden as it is and weakening the sense of responsibility of those who incur the expenditure. The Government have shown courage and principle in passing the Act relating to surcharges on members of local authorities. They will require equal courage and an

Rating Reform

equally austere regard for principle if they are to tackle effectively the larger problem now before them.

Conservatives and Agriculture

JUDGING by the arid reference in the King's Speech to an extension of agricultural credits, Mr. Baldwin is still without an agricultural policy. This does not differentiate him from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who can do no more than talk amiably about co-operation, sales, organizations, and, very generally, the control of prices. Whether this last is to be in the interests of the producer or the consumer will depend presumably on the constituency which is being addressed; for clearly price control cannot be in the interests of both unless the bread subsidy is to be restored, which has not so far been suggested, even by Mr. Lansbury. Conservatives need to face the simple facts of the situation. Either prices have to be raised against the consumer, or the farmer must be given a bounty on production, or agriculture must remain depressed. No spasmodic reliefs can meet a situation which is determined by the level of world prices, which in their turn are governed in no way by the margin of profit necessary to the British farmer. The question is not economic, but social. No economist could advocate on economic grounds alone the subsidization of one industry at the expense of all other industries, and any and every measure for the relief of agriculture—even if it be only for an extension of agricultural credits—involves this economic heresy. There may, however, be, and in fact are, other considerations so weighty as to compel attention. It is time the Government bowed to the compulsion.

The Liberal Millennium

THOSE with suicidal tendencies would be well advised not to read the report of the Liberal Industrial Inquiry. No more profoundly depressing document has been published in recent years. Generalizations are rash, but it may be hazarded that there are very few of the evils of our times which would not be aggravated beyond repair by the adoption of the Liberal Party's proposals. In general, the policy appears to aim not only at the assumption by the State of responsibility for the maintenance

of the wage earner and his family on an enhanced scale of living, but for such measure of control over industry as shall enable the State to impose burdens on industry without assuming the responsibility for finding the means to sustain them. Specific recommendations are for the raising of the school age, the training and maintenance of children up to the age of eighteen (if unemployed), the assumption of responsibility by local authorities for finding employment for young people, the relief by the State of able-bodied persons over eighteen who cannot find employment, family allowances for workmen "wherever possible," minimum wage rates, and pensions for older miners. The cumulative effect of these recommendations could only be disastrous. Socialism, even Socialism in our time, would be vastly preferable, if only because serious Socialist thinkers have learnt to accept as inevitable the curtailment of liberty under Socialism. The acceptance by the State of the ultimate responsibility for the welfare of the individual is merely absurd, unless it is accompanied by the creation of a State dictatorship ranging over every sphere of activity and demanding the unquestioning service of every citizen. It is, of course, a profound conviction with most of us that such an organization of society is morally undesirable, and that even on the material side it could provide security for a generation only, and only at the expense of a drastic lowering—as in Russia today—of the standards of living. Socialism of this far-reaching kind is, however, a logical and, when openly advocated, an honourable policy. The same cannot be said of some of the proposals put forward on behalf of the Liberal Party. No body of men can with true intellectual honesty approach the realities of 1928 in the mood of 1918. For the debauch of optimism which we associate with the reconstruction period then was some excuse. The army at the front had presented to the politicians a spectacle of virtue unsurpassed in their experience. The politicians merely forgot the profound maxim that while you can exalt and unite a people by an appeal to self-sacrifice, you merely divide and discourage it by an appeal to self-interest. Today, however, social workers of every shade of opinion are agreed on the nature of the main problem. It is to recreate the spirit of

self-reliance in the individual. Too many items of the new Liberal programme tends to diminish this spirit still more.

Liberals and Liberty

For students of political science the new Liberal programme has a very special interest. A peculiar responsibility was laid on the Liberal party to attempt an honest solution of the economic problems of today on traditional lines. The only probable alternative to the present system is the setting up of a strong government on the Italian model. A people who are not willing as individuals to accept the responsibility of maintaining themselves cannot expect to govern themselves, and must in a few years become incapable of doing so. They will need to be governed. The solution would be un-English, and no true Conservative would welcome it; but for the Liberal Party to shirk this issue is nothing less than a confession of intellectual bankruptcy, their very *raison d'être* being the maintenance of liberty.

Lancaster and Mr. Lloyd George

The Lancaster election is not a serious defeat for the Government, for Lancaster was traditionally a Liberal seat. The serious aspect is that it appears to represent a personal triumph for Mr. Lloyd George. This is a feature which politicians of all shades of opinion will deplore. Views may legitimately differ about policy, but not about questions of honour. If Mr. Lloyd George does not know the sources of his fund, and the political opinions of those who subscribed to it, he ought to do so. If he does, he ought to disclose both facts and so satisfy the legitimate anxiety of decent people of all parties. Till this disclosure takes place he remains a figure whose personal triumphs cannot be regarded with equanimity by those who desire to maintain in public life the standards of the past.

A Gallipoli Echo

The publication of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's "Diary of the Gallipoli Campaign" raises some interesting questions. Unquestionably most of what he wrote at the time and had published reflects exactly the contemporary opinion of the rank and file engaged in the operations. Is our

present gentler and more forgiving view an illusion imposed on us by time, or are we wiser than we were? The point is of some importance, because it bears on the value for the historian of contemporary evidence of all kinds. Is the glamour of war of which pacifists complain a sinister reality? Do we tend to forget the horrors and injustices which were actually suffered, or was our immediate reaction determined by the triumph of body over mind, and as such to be rightly discounted? The truth, probably, is that the distant view is too kind to the wisdom of individuals, the near view too impatient of the inconveniences which they cause to others. The tendency at public dinners, for instance, to applaud the once notoriously incompetent leader when he rises for his after-dinner oration is a defect rather than a merit of the English character. The tendency to applaud with at least equal enthusiasm the merely unpopular leader is a virtue, if a minor one, because it arises more from forgetfulness than from forgiveness. Curiously enough, the British tolerance of individual error was found to a singular degree in the persons both of Lord Haig and Lord Oxford. Their loyalty to their subordinates was on occasions a positive defect, and a little more Latin ruthlessness would not come amiss in our public life today. To think on occasions differently from the majority is the enviable characteristic of a statesman. To think at all times with the majority, but not to have the courage to say so, is the characteristic of some of our modern politicians.

Outdoor Relief

A NEW return issued by the Ministry of Health gives the number of persons in receipt of indoor or outdoor relief during November last as 951,500. This figure is more than 500,000 in excess of the corresponding figure for November 1913, and the excess is largely accounted for by the grant of relief to persons out of employment. In the number of persons given relief for "other causes" the increase is relatively insignificant, though the average amount of relief granted, after allowing for the changed value of money, is substantially higher. Of the vast total of nearly a million, more than three-quarters are women and children. This fact is consoling if we regard the

figures as an index of the state of trade, but it is disquieting if we are forced to assume that it reflects a serious decline in the traditional dislike of the Englishman to seek public assistance in carrying out his obligations to his family. The most significant fact which emerges is, however, that the relief granted is in many cases not the relief of destitution, but of comparative and temporary hardship. The increased scales of sickness benefit, the inauguration on a reasonably generous scale of unemployment insurance, and the extension of the scope and scale of old age pensions, together with the existence of a vast body of War pensioners, make this conclusion reasonably certain. It is inconceivable that substantially more than a third of the total number of unemployed are not in receipt of payments from one or other of these sources. As a matter of fact, the policy of the guardians in different districts differs extraordinarily both in the scales applied and in the class of case relieved. The problem is not easy. Grave distress exists, and nothing is more useless or more cruel than the pretence that it does not. The fact remains that the wholesale and systematic relief of distress can in the long run merely aggravate it. No amount of argument should be allowed to obscure this simple fact, because our industrial revival ultimately depends on giving practical effect to our recognition of it. The solution is almost certainly to be sought by administrative action rather than legislation. The first thing to be arrived at is uniformity throughout the country, not only in the scales of relief, but in their application.

The Simon Commission

The reception of the Simon Commission has been as anticipated, and merely emphasizes the difficulty of the problem of conferring on India any genuine extension of self government. Those observers, however, who anticipate at a later date a rush to co-operate with the Commission are only likely to be justified should the Commission at the same later date withdraw its offer of co-operation. This, of course, they will not do, for the political Indian lives in the past as much as in the present, and the wise tone of Sir John Simon's statement

will reap its reward in time, as surely as the injudicious utterances of Englishmen in India at the time of the Mutiny still constitute a menace to Anglo-Indian relations. The real trouble is that the present impasse is delaying reforms on which all shades of Indian and British opinion are secretly agreed. Grievances, however, are indispensable political assets, as the Irish learnt a century ago. Meanwhile, again as in Ireland, the peasants suffer for the ambitions of the politicians. The position of the British Government is greatly strengthened, as far as concerns moderate opinion in India, by the support of the Opposition in this country; but the extremists see in this strangely united front a sinister attempt to maintain the racial ascendancy. That for the present there is no alternative to the British ascendancy is a conclusion which naturally they reject. Such, however, is the fact, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has had the courage to act on it.

Books of the Month

THE spring publishing season must be, like every succeeding Academy exhibition, the dullest on record. The death of Thomas Hardy has left us without a novelist of the front rank for the first time for three generations, and if our record is less cheerless in the fields of history and biography, nothing published or announced for this spring can claim much attention. Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a light novel and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith a heavy one. Mr. Wells seems given up to sociology—a thing as unattractive as it sounds, and Mr. E. M. Forster to lecturing. Our hopes are centred in Mr. Hergesheimer, Mr. Montague, Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, and Mr. Aldous Huxley. Alas! only the first of them is a novelist within the meaning of the act. The others are brilliant men who write novels occasionally, perhaps out of sympathy for the male novel reader. I wonder. Yet they, like the rest, are absent from the lists which pour out from publishers young and old with distressing frequency. Novels apart, a new volume of Mr. Belloc's "History of England," the beginning of the Woodrow Wilson biography, Professor Maudslay's translation of "The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico," by Bernal

Diaz, and the re-issue of the "Memoirs of Letitia Pilkington" are the most interesting books so far. Mrs. Pilkington's autobiography combines the charm of a *chronique scandaleuse* with the interest attaching to the recollections of a friend of Dean Swift. Her memoirs were drawn on, but hardly correctly interpreted, by Thackeray, and should be widely read by those who care to see the eighteenth century as it was, and human nature as it is. Bernal Diaz's diary oi Cortez's campaigns is an historical document of romantic interest. The story is familiar to readers of Prescott, but here we have the record of an observant and gifted eye-witness, whom no less an authority than Mr. Henry Nevinson has described as a born war correspondent.

Academic Distinctions and Otherwise

Mr. Mitchell Hedges' libel action against the *Daily Express* has brought to the fore one matter of public interest, namely, the ease with which academic and quasi-academic distinctions can be acquired by those able to afford them. The comments on the practice of the Royal Geographical and other societies are, however, decidedly unfair, because the most flagrant offenders are not the Societies, but the universities. The revenue derived from the sale of the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford and Cambridge is very substantial, and the pressure brought to bear on schoolmasters and others to acquire at considerable expense what Lord Oxford once described as an "otiose" distinction, is a form of blackmail on the part of the scholastic trade union which most reasonable people would condemn in unmeasured terms in any trade union whose members were less well-to-do. If the publicity given to the recent proceedings does anything to shake the pathetic faith of the public in prefixes and suffixes of this kind, it will be an untold benefit. The belief in the expert has come to us from America, where a course of instruction is considered to confer not only information but wisdom. In England, however, we are more slipshod, and give our distinctions wholesale to people who have neither expert knowledge nor a wide culture, and our lax practice breeds fellows of societies, masters of arts, and doctors of philosophy and

economics like rabbits. It is all to the good to be reminded occasionally of the absence of gold behind the glitter, and poor Mr. Mitchell Hedges may be consoled by the feeling that, however undeserved his personal misfortunes, his libel action has at least done good to other people.

The Merchant Service

THE new title granted by His Majesty to the Prince of Wales is a timely recognition of our merchant navy and fishing fleet, on which, at least equally with the Royal Navy and its Reserves, our solvency in time of peace and our safety in time of war must depend. More and more, with the development of weapons which diminish the mobility of the battle fleets, the day-to-day strain of naval warfare will fall on fleet auxiliaries, and on the merchant navy itself. As mine-sweepers, as patrol boats, as transports, and as armed merchant cruisers they will have to bear the burden and pay the price of admiralty. Sea-power now less than ever can be improvised, and as long as we are a sea-going people we can sleep quietly in our beds while other nations spend other people's money on vast battle fleets. The prosperity of British shipping in time of peace is the key to our safety as an island people, and the association of the Heir to the Throne with the merchant service should be a timely reminder to shipowners of their responsibility for the continuous improvement in the conditions of service of the officers and men on board their ships. Much still remains to be done in this matter. There is no reason why the standard of comfort in the merchant service should fall in any way below that of the Navy itself. Who is prepared to deny that in some cases it does?

A Fixed Easter

THE proposal to fix by legislation the date of Easter ought presumably to be called, in the jargon of the moment, a step towards the rationalization of Christianity. Alternatively, it might be described as a step towards the standardization of our private lives whose distressing lack of year-to-year uniformity must have caused unspeakable pain to our more progressive millionaires.

CURRENT COMMENTS

In the course of a varied life I have never sustained any inconvenience from the varying date of Easter, and I have yet to meet anyone who has, though I had heard of some slight difficulty this year in fixing a convenient date for the Boat Race. It is a fresh and sad proof of man's inhumanity to man that we should learn only now that transport undertakings and schoolmasters have been passive victims of ecclesiastical tyranny since the Council of Nicæa more than 1,600 years ago.

The Rothermere Press

Lord Rothermere's announcement that he is projecting a chain of provincial evening newspapers has provoked the usual laments about the trustification of the Press. It does not seem to have occurred to these Cassandras that compulsory education at State schools must produce a fairly uniform public taste which inevitably demands only a limited range of intellectual food. To supply the same food to the same people from a thousand different kitchens is clearly wasteful. Newspaper trusts are not the cause, but the effect, of conditions which have been created precisely by those apostles of enlightened progress who lead the attack on them. They are eating their own tails, and are, perhaps, wise in disliking the taste of them; but it is absurd on their part to disclaim ownership. Lord Rothermere's new papers will incidentally be every bit as educative as are those organs of moderate opinion which sneer at his project. It is a common fallacy to suppose that a man who sits on the fence is a less obstinate and prejudiced person than a man who chooses to stand on the right or on the left. In business life a man who always haggles with a view to "splitting the difference" impairs his credit. There is no hidden reason for applying different standards to matters intellectual. The standardization of so-called educated opinion through the influence of so-called experts who dominate our educational system, and even try to diffuse middle-class culture through the B.B.C. and on the lecture platform, is a far more dangerous feature of the present day than are the occasional indiscretions and crudities of the popular Press.

D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The New Ambassador. — Any welcome to a new ambassador has to be tempered with regrets at the departure of the old, for Lord Crewe has worthily maintained the traditional dignity of the historic house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and has worked with zealous sincerity in the cause of Franco-British friendship. While Republican France feels a little flattered by the presence of the head of a great English family at the Embassy, it is well that from time to time a professional diplomat should hold the post in Paris. With Sir William Tyrrell's appointment *la carrière* comes into its own again. The new ambassador is singularly well equipped for the task that lies before him. By his work at the Foreign Office as private secretary and as permanent under-secretary, he has acquired a more intimate knowledge of affairs than lies within the range of ambassadors who have spent their time far from the "shop," and has come into contact with every man of importance in foreign affairs.

A bright wit, which would be Gallic were it not Irish, and an affable ease of manner have made him many friends here. It is a mistake to imagine, even in these days of rapid communications, that ambassadors are nothing more than somewhat expensively gaudy receivers and transmitters for their Foreign Offices; but while Sir William, as an embodiment of Downing Street tradition, would be the first to agree that an ambassador who endeavours to pursue a personal policy is a nuisance to his Government and a potential danger to peace, he naturally has ideas of his own about Great Britain's relations with the rest of Europe. In Paris he will find a legitimate and fertile field for their cultivation, for he believes most strongly that in Franco-British collaboration lies Europe's greatest hope of peace—not the peace of domination, but the peace of general consent. Those who realize that peace is for the moment due more to

the exhaustion of peoples and resources than to sermons from the mount of Geneva will welcome Sir William's appointment with great satisfaction.

The Success of Poincaré.—L'experience Poincaré continues, and with success the stubborn Lorrainer achieves each week some new political or economic victory. Taxes are being collected with praiseworthy industry. Foreigners are constantly made aware that the eye of law and order is upon them, and while the gaols of the Republic are not actually bursting with victims of repression, quite a number of French Communists are wearing the martyr's crown (second division) for urging the army to revolt and disobedience. Civil Servants are frequently to be found at their posts. Railways, even those formerly mismanaged by the State, run their trains with proper respect for their time-tables. M. Léon Daudet is safely in voluntary exile. There are no terrific scandals, no passion-rousing crimes, and, indeed, so indifferent is the public attitude that there is no need of any of those customary methods of diverting men's attention from the things that do matter to those that do not.

If it were not for Mussolini's finer stage presence, M. Poincaré might almost pass for a dictator. As it is, while he appeals to all French fondness for law and order, he cannot be said to evoke any enthusiasm either among the public or among politicians. France undoubtedly likes to be governed, but it hates being dull, and "La France s'ennuie" was the writing on the wall for the dullest of her rulers. M. Poincaré is far from being that; it would be easy to damn him by recalling that he is an able lawyer and comes of a respected family which, in science and education, has served France with distinction. So many men have combined legal ability with a distinguished family record and have yet managed to remain dull. His great strength is what his friends call his pertinacity, and his opponents narrow-mindedness. This defect or this quality has undoubtedly served him well in dealing with the franc. His Cabinet of All the Appetites was called into existence to deal with the all-absorbing problem of saving France from financial collapse. He can look back with pride upon the results achieved, and

look forward with legitimate hope to stabilization after the elections. But, what then ?

The new Chamber will still comprise many elements of the old cartel, and it is towards the Left that his inclinations tend. Sooner or later he will have to choose. The unwonted number of independent candidates seeking election makes that choice difficult for the moment, for it indicates a widespread desire to get away from old party labels, and is a symptom of weakness in the Socialist-Radical machine which has so long controlled French Governments.

While M. Poincaré has achieved l'Union Nationale in the division lobbies, it is difficult to find it in the provinces, where there is a vague, but none the less effective, understanding that in all second ballots the forces of the Left shall be concentrated on defeating any Conservative candidate, even though he may have the Prime Minister's approval. To many old Radicals he has gone over to the reactionary enemy. To others he is still a brand to be plucked from the burning, and the country, no less than the politicians, would welcome a sign from him. But he remains soberly neutral and aloof, as though the Prime Minister of France had really nothing to do with elections.

Centenaries. — Meanwhile, so quiet is the general atmosphere in Paris, that instead of rioting over the removal of somebody's bones from Père-la-Chaise to the Panthéon, the capital has been forced to seek distraction in celebrating centenaries, such as those of Pasteur and Berthelot. We have also remembered Jules Verne and Edmond About. The former, one likes to hope, is still living in youth's mind. The latter, one of the most prolific writers of unimportant works, is really forgotten, save for one or two happy remarks, such as: "Mademoiselle, to meet you is to love you; but when one loves you, where does one meet you ?"

These academical manifestations seldom get beyond a few functions and the issue of new postage stamps. The elections will provide more general amusement on boulevard and village square, for at last France has discovered the electioneering poster. A profound French thinker explains that this surprising innovation is due to

the cinema having taught people to think pictorially, and that in consequence pictorial art is coming into favour, and, indeed, as he splendidly remarks, is even venerated in some circles of society. The country is to be flooded with extremely badly-printed posters, recalling by the crudity of their style and colour the old *images d'Epinal*, and depicting scenes from the candidates' past. In a country where libel is about the only necessity of life which remains roughly at its pre-war figure of sixteen francs a go, the hoardings should be interesting; for even in the past, when electoral insult was confined to print, Eatanswill could teach France nothing. Now that the cartoonist is to have the billboard on which to display his fertile imagination, the real people of France may take an interest in the game, and this would singularly upset the politician.

Alsace. — M. Poincaré has spoken at Strasbourg with some of the fervour of the old Sunday revivalist meetings which he used to Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Curzon. His words of warning to the Germans who desire to exploit Alsatian discontent with the implacable and logical inefficiency of French bureaucracy in dealing with religious or fiscal matters were necessary and were approved by all French parties. But when he hinted darkly that agitators might be sowing the same seeds of Home Rule in Corsica, Paris must really have hoped for the success of their efforts. All the noisiest lawyers of the Paris Bar come from that island, and Paris has for long been policed by dynasties of Corsicans. The French attitude with regard to Corsican Home Rule resembles that of the English towards Scottish Home Rulers; they can only hope that by having a more direct responsibility at home they will cease to fill the big jobs in Paris. It is one of the mysteries of history that France has been able to achieve national unity; and people are apt to forget the fact that the 100 per cent. Frenchman is a rare bird, and is considerably outnumbered by the Normans, Bretons, Flemish, Germans, Catalonians, and Italians comprised within her frontiers. National unity has only been solidified by the war, and any efforts to convert the regional spirit into separatist movements are doomed to failure.

Conservative Policy

By Col. the Rt. Hon. John Gretton, M.P.

THERE appears to be a general desire for a statement of Conservative policy. While it is not possible to lay down precise details for the future, a broad outline may be drawn with sufficient precision.

Conservative policy inevitably has both a negative and a positive aspect; it repudiates revolutionary propaganda and socialistic nostrums; it is opposed to the fundamental tenets both of the Socialists and the Communists, whose independent existence and separate aims do not prevent them from combining in a policy of spoliation. Conservative principles demand resistance to the nationalization of the means of production and exchange, the abolition of private ownership, the discouragement of private enterprise, the substitution for individual effort of the soulless mechanism of the State. Applied Socialism is founded on class warfare and would effect the destruction of social harmony and welfare; it would be injurious to British trade and industry, destructive of financial stability, and fatal to the position of the British race in the world. It is the duty of Conservatism to resist movements leading to national decline and the ruin of the State.

The Conservative principle is not static—an obstinate opposition to progress or a grudging concession to movements which it disapproves or fails to control. On the contrary, it has its definite ideals and aims towards which it should direct its progress and guide the national destinies. Men of the old faith believe that the advance of mankind must of necessity be based on experience and intelligent study of the history of our own people, our institutions, and our place in the world of Nature and of men. Men of the Conservative or, if it is preferred, of the Tory mould, know in their conscience that Englishmen of old were men of sense and energy with sturdy patriotism; in their successes and failures may be traced sometimes the application of, and at others departure from, the main principles of national progress. And no student of history, or British statesman in action, can afford to ignore the genius of the race or the souls of the men and women of England when he seeks to solve the problems of the present or scans the horizon of the future.

True Conservatism therefore is idealistic and practical—its ideals and aims national or, if you will so name it, patriotic, and the means practical, based on the experience of our forefathers and our own. Mankind has never at any time approached a universal brotherhood; the tendencies today are towards a more intense national feeling in all the races of the world. The British race cannot afford to sacrifice itself on the altar of internationalism which no other people has yet seriously approached. Pressing forward to our ideals, we have to work in the world as we find it, remembering we are for a little time trustees for the generations to come.

The British Empire should be the chief preoccupation of the British race, and the promotion of its economic, social, and political development our prime purpose. The foundations are allegiance to the Crown, the maintenance of order, justice, security, and liberty throughout the King's realms under that allegiance.

The principles upon which economic development should be carried out have been laid down by successive Imperial Conferences, especially those of 1917, 1918, 1921, and reaffirmed in 1923 by resolutions which received the unanimous approval of all the Governments of the Empire, including the British Government, and all parties in the United Kingdom, except the Liberal Party. They provide for the mutual development of trade and economic relations between the British Empire and its allies and state the means by which trade within the Empire may be best promoted and its resources and raw materials used for the benefit of the present and future generations of our race. Energetic steps should be taken to carry forward this policy.

The British land question can be solved and will take its place in the scheme for an Empire food supply under the British flag where the operations of speculators and trusts can be controlled and regulated. The British agriculturist needs a sure market for his produce, and on his part marketing should be organized on standards of quality and prices. As upon other industrialists at home, the burdens of taxation and rates are pressing too heavily upon him. The organization of the food supplies of the Empire is an urgent question which needs immediate attention.

In the problem of national defence the governing fact is that the British Empire depends for its existence upon its unity, its power to act together on emergency, and its trade routes and ocean highways. It must therefore maintain a Navy adequate for this responsibility. In no circumstances whatever can the British Navy be reduced below the standard required for these purposes, having regard to the other navies of the world. If other policies are adopted, the Empire must soon dissolve and British shipping sink to insignificance.

Our foreign policy should be to support our friends abroad and make permanent the national friendships which proved invaluable in the war. Uncertainty estranges everyone; international trade prospers with a sound and stable policy.

It must be recognized that in the critical state of the world and after the internal shocks recently sustained, the British nation cannot afford to be international; its needs compel strict adherence to self-interest and cannot be sacrificed to the desire for graceful concessions to late enemies or enterprising rivals.

Every possible reduction of public expenditure is needed which is consistent with security and efficiency; no new commitments can be afforded at present. But as the utmost economy cannot reduce expenditure on a scale adequate to give the relief needed, the only alternative is to develop the resources of taxable capacity of the nation in order to carry the too heavy burden. It is therefore of vital importance that the reorganization of our industries and markets should be taken in hand immediately. Secondly, the army of officials whose cost and interference are sapping the vitality of the country should be reduced and their activities curbed. Freedom should be restored to enterprise and industry. Thirdly, energetic measures are needed to restore British shipping, upon which the trade of the Empire depends and which is one of the chief sources of the hidden income that until recently has saved our economic position and the balance of trade. This cannot be done effectively without Empire co-operation.

Further, owing to the coal strike and general strike as designed by the authors of these events, the whole economic and industrial position and the possibilities of

employment have been changed for the worse. Industries cannot be restored and employment ensured without resort to measures which were considered controversial a few years ago. No election pledges given under very different circumstances should be allowed to stand in the way of what is immediately and vitally necessary to restore industry and employment.

The Conservative Party has never been the party of privilege, and has always derived its main support from the masses of the people. It is therefore opposed to any anti-Labour policy, and desires and labours to promote the closest co-operation of the working people on the historic lines of Conservative principles and to preserve their rights and freedom against all recent innovations imposed by modern doctrinaires and revolutionaries. It believes in the right of every man and woman to dispose freely of their lives under equable laws, to preserve their homes and families, and to enjoy both religious and industrial freedom.

State interference with the conditions, payment, and employment of labour has proved disastrous, and the present plight of industry has convinced the majority of sober-minded workmen of the fact. On the other hand, it is the business of the State to ensure freedom for the individual workman and to provide facilities for conciliation and arbitration in all trade disputes.

The financial policy of successive Governments has been too little mindful of increasing and developing the resources of the nation. Budgets have been framed on the assumption that national wealth is practically a stable quantity which may be drawn upon by the Treasury as Governments require from year to year; there has been no evidence of broad views extending into the future. Regard has been paid principally to maintenance of foreign credit and the requirements of the money market. While these considerations are of high importance, national finance cannot afford to neglect those measures needed to increase the national resources; we cannot live by exchange and trade alone. Employment must be found for our teeming population, and on the development and stabilization of industry the employment of the people depends. Protection of industry and employment may be in some cases temporary and in others permanent,

but it is essential to maintain and develop those branches of production which are sinking under foreign competition or threatened by grave injury. It is the first duty of a Conservative Government to undertake those measures which are required to ensure a comfortable livelihood for the British people, and afford them avenues to improve their position in the world by their own energy and exertions.

The Government cannot be efficiently carried on by an overgrown Cabinet; a meeting of twenty or twenty-five men becomes a miniature Parliament, the size of which compels speeches and arguments in place of consultation and counsel. The size of the Cabinet should be reduced to not more than half those numbers, though the Ministers filling the lesser offices should be called into consultation whenever their departments are concerned.

In every old organization obsolete machinery is to be found; departments continue to perform once-necessary duties which become outworn and an encumbrance. Few politicians have the necessary training or detailed knowledge to reorganize their departments, and Ministers have their attention occupied by day-to-day administration. A commission should be appointed to investigate the machinery of all the civil departments of the Government and to report how they may be best adapted to modern requirements and best organized to carry on the duties of modern Government. The Treasury should be included in the investigation.

Efficient administration is necessary to ensure social order and economy in public expenditure. All men should be equal under the law; no privilege, whether of class or of individuals, can be tolerated. Our nation and our world-scattered race depend on the British Empire; it must be developed as a confederation secured by an adequate Navy and economically more closely drawn for the development and preservation of its resources.

The British flag must be a symbol of real meaning. The encroachments of Socialism and Communism must be resisted; State control of industry and the prodigality of the social services must be curbed as inconsistent with the broad principles of freedom and liberty, eating economically into the vitals of the community and leading ultimately to waste and corruption.

Our Need of a Navy

By "Noah"

It is, perhaps, not surprising that, at a time when the utmost economy is demonstrably necessary in this country a demand should arise for a reduction in the cost of the Navy; and that a willing ear should be turned to anyone who declares that, however strong we may make the Navy, it will still be unable to give the protection required. New instruments have come into existence, in particular the submarine and aircraft, which constitute dangers the Navy is unable to avert. Notwithstanding the strongest navy at sea, the country, it is said, is at the mercy of a continental power which can pour bombs upon London; and we should therefore direct our expenditure from the sea to the air and so make ourselves secure. From the air, too, we are told to expect dangers to trade at sea, vessels carrying planes scouring the trade routes and sinking ships by bombs and torpedoes; to defend ourselves in these outer oceans we are advised to make the Navy a flying navy, sending out similar ships with aircraft to deal with them.

The crudity of some of these suggestions is such as to require no answer. The fact that the unarmed vessel with aircraft—or to put it otherwise, the vessel armed with aircraft only—would be at the absolute mercy of the first gun-armed vessel that came within striking range of her, is lost sight of. What is also forgotten is the fact that no vessel yet constructed except one that navigates on the sea is capable of operating beyond a certain limited range from a base. Though we might have—indeed, should have—an air garrison adequate to give protection to London, such a garrison could no more avert the disaster of a cessation in the arrival of our food supplies than a man armed with a stick can keep off one armed with the longer-ranged bow and arrow. Ships operating beyond the range of aircraft in the western approaches would hold the country at their mercy. Not only would

they hold this country, but all the other countries in the Empire. A single gun-armed vessel, cruising in the approaches to Calcutta, Cape Town or Sydney, would effectually prevent the departure of any of the trade from those ports.

There are few more educative ways of spending a day than by paying a visit to the London Docks and seeing the storehouses of wool and tropical products, and still more of meat, laid up there. From the Argentine come the supplies of chilled beef which form an essential part of our food supplies; from Australia and New Zealand the chilled mutton. Almost every day ships are unloading their cargoes to provide food for the ten or more millions of people who are fed with food which is landed in London, and every pound of it has come by a long sea voyage to the Thames. Wheat from Australia and Canada and the Argentine comes by sea; and it is indispensable for us that we should be able to receive supplies from any quarter of the world; for in a particular year there may be a bad harvest in one quarter of the wheat-producing fields which makes it necessary to furnish our needs from another. While it is perfectly true that these supply ships can be stopped in the Channel and sunk by submarines or aircraft, the result would be the same if they were sunk off Aden, the Cape of Good Hope or the Azores; and even if a fleet of aircraft were able to dominate the Channel they could dominate nothing else.

That there are possible dangers in the approaches is correct; but these dangers can easily be exaggerated. Those who, like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," amuse themselves with: "I wants to make yer flesh creep," can only impress persons who have not taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the limitation of the vessels whose attacks they desire us to fear. Those, too, who desire us to throw to the winds all the experience of trade protection gained during the war, and to transfer the defence of the convoys from fast, small, and deadly surface craft to aircraft and "blimps," would do well to compare the various instruments which broke up the submarine attack. It is already forgotten that during the last two years of the war twelve and three-quarter million tons of cereals were brought into this country

with a loss of only 4 per cent.; and that this comparative —nay, positive—security was due to the surface craft which sank the submarines or enabled the various subsidiary measures for their destruction to be kept in use.

If there is one outstanding lesson, confirmed by every war fought by this country, whether with ships driven by sails, by steam, or by any other means, it is that we have always had greatly to increase our cruiser forces in war; and that, until we have made this increase, we have to pass through a period of anxiety and actual danger. Cruisers cannot be built in a day—not even that smallest class of vessels of about 800 to 1,000 tons which now go by the name of "destroyers," though cruisers they are in function. And if vessels could be suddenly produced out of a magician's bag, men capable of using them cannot be. It takes time to make a sailor, be he officer or seaman-gunner. He must be trained in the use of the instruments with which he is going to fight—the fleet, the squadron, the ship or the gun; those instruments must be in existence; and the Navy must be kept alive as a living force as well as a material one.

All this, we may be told, is fully admitted. We agree that the security of the country reposes upon the maritime strength. We accept as a fundamental article of the Englishman's creed the sentences of the Royal Commission of 1904, which started:

"We work mainly for security to the strength of our Navy. But we rely in only a less degree upon the resources of our mercantile fleet and its power to carry our trade and reach all possible sources of supply wherever they exist.

"But what we contend is that the Navy is unnecessarily large to do this; why does it need this quantity of cruisers? Who is the enemy? No one else possesses such a number. Why must this country have more than another?"

It is no exaggeration to present the argument in these terms. A statesman, before the war, used almost identical words, clinching his theory with the assertion that Blake and Nelson did not need two ships to fight a single enemy. Yet one has only to look round the everyday life

of London and note the number of police engaged when any ruffian has committed a murder, or when a comparatively small number of cat burglaries are taking place. The burglar may turn up in Peckham or Pimlico; and there must be someone to deal with him in the many places in which he makes his appearance. So it is at sea. The marauding *Moewe* or *Karlsruhe* is not confined to one theatre. There are ships all over the trade routes, and the marauder appears one day off Madras, and a fortnight later either off Minikoi or Acheen—places over 2,000 miles apart. Convoys may leave the Argentine with food ships four or five days apart, and thus be separated from each other by distances of over 1,000 miles; so at a given moment there might be five or six of such convoys on passage, each with cargoes valued in hundreds of thousands of money. One ship running down their route might fall on each separately; each needs defence, and not less than one cruiser, capable of meeting such an enemy and defeating her, is needed with each.

There are those who say: If such be the danger, why not set ourselves free from it by agreeing that merchant ships should go unmolested in war? The idea is attractive to those who do not care to be at the pains of studying what has happened in war. Agreements made in the plenitude of peace will be binding in war only if there are active guarantors—neutrals who will bind themselves to take action; and this neutrals will find excuses not to do. No more binding agreements could have been made than those at The Hague in 1907 concerning the treatment of shipping in war, the use of mines, and a host of other matters. Yet, before the war, preparations had been made by our late enemies to sow mines utterly regardless of their signed agreements. Like another historical document, these agreements were scraps of paper when expediency, or what appeared to be expediency, counselled throwing them into the fire. Neutrals took no action, and even when their own rights, in the form of security for the lives of their own citizens, were at stake, they did nothing. Far less, when they are prospering, are they to be expected to come to our assistance when we are being strangled by the cutting of our arteries of trade. Means for evading responsibilities

which have been accepted will always be discovered; the pages of history afford ample examples. It is a sad reflection, but one that cannot be evaded by pious phrases, hopes of better behaviour in the future, or trust in the beneficent influences of democracy. Demos has no higher sense of honour than any other Power, though flatterers or vote-catchers may pretend that he has.

War brings with it an immense demand for movement at sea. One familiar movement is that of armies. It was because we were strong at sea that we were able, without any delay, to send that wonderful instrument, the Expeditionary Force, to France. If, owing to insecurity at sea, we had had to withhold that force, can any student of the campaign of August and September 1914 doubt for one instant that the liberties of Europe would have been destroyed? Unless there had been a feeling of security, based upon our strength at sea and confirmed by the course of the insurance premiums, trade would have stopped sailing. Merchants were disposed to order their ships into the nearest harbour and await events. The results of such a proceeding could have been hardly less than disastrous. But the assurance that the danger was small and that defence could be given averted this. The ships sailed, the country was able to gather health, and behind the security at sea to build up its powers of assisting its Allies. And this has been the experience of the past. Those who regard armaments as a danger and a source of war forget that for almost one hundred years, from June 1815 to August 1914, the British fleet was unchallenged at sea. Its dominance injured no one. Britain was not tempted by the possession of this strength into encroachments upon the rights of a single Power. She was the foremost country to accept arbitration.

China: Highbrow Illusions

By J. O. P. Bland

"The erroneous conclusions arrived at by intellects of the first order have proved to me that the public in the West has not yet the data necessary for the formation of independent judgments on Chinese (and, therefore, Anglo-Chinese) affairs."

(*Thomas Meadows*, "The Chinese and their Rebellions," 1856.)

At the time when Meadows wrote his masterly analysis of the causes of rebellions and unrest in China, the country was suffering from conditions very similar to those which have existed since the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai removed the last hope of an effective central Government in succession to the Manchus. In 1853, the Taipings, after devastating large tracts of country in their victorious advance from Kuangtung to the Yangtsze, had established their seat of government at Nanking. Then, as now, public opinion at the Treaty Ports and in England had been seriously misled as to the real motives, and what Meadows called the "dominant morality," of the southern leaders. In their professed Christianity and in their promises of enlightened Government and unfettered commercial intercourse, the missionary societies and a considerable section of the mercantile community discerned the dawn of a new era. But it is to be observed that the "data necessary for the formation of independent judgments on Chinese affairs" were a much simpler matter in 1856 than they are now. Pagett, M.P., had not yet toured the East and published his confused and confusing ideas on the subject; missionary optimism with regard to the elevating influence of Western education on the Chinese mind had not yet become the very considerable force in British and American politics which it is today. Above all, Chinese politicians had not then begun to practise the science and craft of propaganda through the Press, by means of which they have succeeded in recent years, especially in America, in enlisting a powerful body of public opinion in support of their professedly progressive nationalism, patriotic aspirations, etc., etc. These and other factors, combined with the ever-increasing tumult of civil strife and the conflicting counsels of harassed traders, have now produced a

situation so hopelessly intricate that the man in the street, endeavouring to solve it by the light of the Press, may well give it up in despair.

Out of the long-drawn confusion of factions, strife, political intrigues, slaughter and slogans, there emerge, nevertheless, from time to time, certain simple facts and phenomena which, collectively considered in retrospect, should enable the student of Chinese affairs to arrive at fairly accurate conclusions concerning the actual state of the country and its immediate prospects. The light which these facts and phenomena throw upon the scene is, however, all too frequently obscured by the persistent propaganda of the Nationalist or Cantonese party and the concurrent activities of their friends and supporters, sentimental idealists, "uplifters" and doctrinaires, in England and America. It is also obscured, though to a less extent, by the pathetic confidence of religious people in the professed Christianity of such cynical opportunists as the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen or the notorious "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang. It would be easy to compile a long list of the facts and phenomena to which I refer, going back no farther than the past two or three years, but a few salient examples will suffice. It is, for instance, an undeniable fact, clearly revealed by Chang Tso-lin's raid on the Soviet Embassy at Peking, that the military advance of the Cantonese to the Yangtsze and their scientifically organized anti-foreign propaganda were the result, not of a conscious native Nationalism, but of Russian leadership and Russian money, directed to the sinister purposes of Moscow. So soon as the supply of Russian arms and money ceased, the Nationalist movement speedily lost its cohesion and driving power, disintegrating into rival groups of self-seeking politicians. Similarly, it is undeniable that the Kuomintang party, despite its free hand in the South since 1916, has never made the slightest attempt to introduce representative institutions, never done anything to reform the public service, and never produced a single leader who has put his country's interests before his own. The fact which stands out most prominently from the calamitous record of Republican China is that a handful of political adventurers have enriched themselves, and are still enriching

themselves, at a cost of infinite suffering to their fellow-countrymen. Every coolie in China will tell you that the rapacious money-lust of the southern leaders has been more flagrantly insatiable than that of the greediest of the northerners. Confirmatory evidence of this fact is supplied by the shameless record of the directors (four in one year) appointed by the Nationalist Government to administer the surrendered British concession at Hankow. Finally, it is an undeniable and persistent feature of the situation that, while sixteen years of civil war and brigandage have reduced the people to a pitiful condition of misery and destitution, no word of sympathy for their sufferings and no prospect of their alleviation are to be found in all the fervently patriotic sentiments of the rival politicians. Take, for example, the fact that an appalling famine is at this moment raging in the brigand-ridden province of Shantung. A Government railway runs through the famine area, and there have been good harvests in other parts of the country; yet the wretched inhabitants are left to starve or to migrate to Manchuria (where, happily, Japan keeps order), while the political Intelligentsia of Young China concentrates all its energies on securing control of the Washington surtaxes and proclaiming its determination to insist on the abrogation of the unequal Treaties.

Indisputable facts of this nature—many more might be cited—would be sufficient, if unobscured by the smoke-screen of political propaganda, to enable public opinion abroad to form a fairly accurate idea of the actual state of affairs in China. They provide data of a kind which might, one would think, lead even the loftiest of highbrows to ask himself whether the best interests of civilization, not to say humanity, would not be better served by facing these realities than by proceeding further with academic exercises in Liberal theories. Unfortunately, in the type of mind to which the theory of Chinese Nationalism appeals with such peculiar force, the sense of humanity would appear to have become atrophied, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of political speculation. How else is it possible to account for the fact that the superior intelligence which inspires "the F.O. school of thought" and which, if report speaks

truly, has notably influenced Sir Austen Chamberlain's policy in the Far East, remains as callously indifferent to the sufferings of the Chinese masses as the "Christian General" himself? Or, to come from the general to the particular, how else can the fact be explained that, in the long series of articles on Chinese politics recently contributed to the *Times* by Sir Frederick Whyte, the humanitarian aspect of the question is entirely ignored? Of the wholesale massacres, the cold-blooded cruelty of so-called Communists in pursuit of loot, the persecution of native Christians, and the dumb misery of the masses, you will find no mention in the polished periods of this earnest seeker after truth, who, after a brief visit to the East, reveals to us his vision of the "New China." The chief significance of Sir Frederick Whyte's contribution to the subject lies not in his opinions (which are, in effect, little more than a skilful résumé of those of Messrs. Jefferson Ping, Wellington Pong, *et al.*), but rather in the evidence, afforded by their publication in the *Times*, that they are still fashionable in influential political circles and therefore likely to lead to continuance in paths of error which have already cost us, and China, so dear.

Before proceeding to analyse Sir Frederick's exposition of the China problem, I take leave to digress for a moment, to quote the opinion of another distinguished visitor to that country—Senator Goff, of West Virginia. The following extract will suffice to show that the grim realities of the situation are not necessarily indiscernible by the stranger within the Celestial gates:

"As the Press reports from day to day indicate," said the Senator, "the tide of battle sweeps on, bringing victory north or south of the Yangtsze, as the dice or the dollars may fall. One party advances only to retreat. One war lord after another sells out and expatriates himself because he has become a millionaire and therefore ceases to be a Communist. The people suffer, their homes are looted and burned, and they are impressed into the army as bandit warriors or requisitioned as mere beasts of burden for the looting soldiery.

"The entire world is personally interested and deeply concerned. The world is involved ethically, morally, religiously and, least of all, commercially. Great Britain, Japan, France, Holland, Italy, and the United States are obviously seriously and vitally involved. These nations are confronted with the necessity of choosing between friendly, immediate, inexpensive intervention, or a future costly, devastating,

horrible war. . . . Many say that intervention is as impossible as it is impracticable. Many say that China should be allowed to work out her own destiny. Those who so argue suffer from, and are enmeshed in, the fallacy of reasoning by analogy. China has tried for sixteen years to find a George Washington to lead her out of a wilderness of howling, looting, bribing, grafting chaos, and neither by night or by day, in answer to her pathetic cry, 'Come over into Macedonia and help us,' has there ever been an answering voice or an echo to her cry.

"Is China to go on slowly committing national and racial suicide? Is civilization doing its duty when it stands placidly by and sees a great people helplessly, hopelessly rushing to its ruin? Does civilization answer the test when it does not step in for the sake of humanity and aid those who cannot help themselves?"

There is nothing cold-blooded about these Virginians. The platonic detachment of Sir Frederick Whyte's attitude would seem to suggest that he is prepared to see China's millions "go to their graves like beds," provided that they do so in the true Liberal faith. If any voice of lamentation, of Rachel weeping for her children, reaches him, it does not interrupt his dignified dissertation on Chinese Nationalism, on the nation's progress "from militarism to tutelage," and the effects of its "far-reaching revolution in economics, in customs, in ethics, and in thought." Assuming this revolution to be all that he imagines, he finds therein proof of the existence of that "New China" which the "old China hand," sunk in the torpor of the "Shanghai mind," has so far failed to discover. Furthermore, he finds the genesis and the hope of this New China in the southern movement, in "*the force of a new purpose which is unmistakably the power behind the south.*" Finally, in spite of their admitted corruption and general unworthiness, he considers that the Nationalist armies and governments represent "*a cause greater than themselves, which is the hope, and the only hope now visible, for the future of China.*" I have italicized these words because the attribution to Chinese Nationalism of a new purpose, coupled with the declaration that "Nanking represents (though badly) the China of the future," constitutes the sole *raison d'être* and the whole foundation for the New China structure of Sir Frederick Whyte's dreams. Take these away, and the baseless fabric collapses into the void of chimerical theory. Without these postulates, there remains no possible justification for any of his arguments

in favour of a *rapprochement* with the Cantonese group of politicians, to be effected by means of further graceful concessions and patient conciliation. Let us, therefore, consider briefly the validity of these fundamental assumptions.

"No feller talks so fluently and convincingly on a subjeck," says Abe Martin, "as one what ain't hampered b' th' facks." If Sir Frederick Whyte had studied the record of the Southern or Cantonese party, easily accessible to any earnest seeker after truth, some of the salient "facks" of that record might have hampered his fluency, for they are not of a nature to encourage belief in the force of a new (presumably moral) purpose, or a "cause greater than themselves" behind that movement. In particular, the lamentable record of the "Old Parliament" at Canton, whose membership included most of the brilliant lights of Liberalism and Western learning in China, gave no valid indication of any new purpose. It afforded, on the contrary, conclusive evidence that the paramount motive underlying its political activities was the deep-rooted and unchanging instinct of acquiring wealth at all costs. Nor is there anything in the record of the new leaders, who have come to the front since the death of Sun Yat-sen, to justify belief in the existence of a cause greater than themselves, or even in a dim perception of a new purpose making for disinterested patriotism. Neither in the writings of Sun Yat-sen, nor in the later manifestoes and leaflets of the Kuomintang, is there evidence of any moral agencies or patriotic inspiration affecting the party's practical politics. The paramount motive behind the southern movement is clearly the same, roughly speaking, as that which inspired the Taiping leaders seventy years ago—the lust of power and plunder. Their superiority over the slower-witted northerners in the matter of political organization, which Sir Frederick emphasizes, is admittedly greater today than it was then; but this superiority is obviously due to the fact that, since the days of the Taiping rebellion, they have achieved, by virtue of their geographical advantages, a practical monopoly of emigration and considerable financial resources from overseas. Far more important than any theories concerning the possible

developments of Nationalism, or estimates of the area of territory which it may claim to control, is the fact that the leaders of the several factions of the Kuomintang today, while yielding lip service to the amorphous doctrines of the Three Principles, are in reality openly opposed to the principle of democratic or representative government, and, incidentally, opposed to all the Liberal ideas which Sun Yat-sen himself expounded before he came under the influence of Soviet agents. Few "old China hands" are so ignorant as not to know that the government which the present-day followers of the revolutionary prophet aspire to impose, with the help of their sympathizers abroad, on the helpless Chinese people, is a government of the Kuomintang, by the Kuomintang, for the Kuomintang. It is this cause (possibly greater than themselves) which has given a semblance of cohesion (rapidly diminishing) to the political activities of the Canton, Hankow, Nanking, and Hunan factions of the southern party. Finally, in the matter of his suggested *rapprochement* with the leaders of that party at Nanking, Sir Frederick Whyte appears to have overlooked certain hampering facts connected with the British Government's late efforts in this direction at Hankow—facts which have left an indelible impression upon the dull surface of the Shanghai mind. Remembering the cynical bad faith, the insolence and shameless venality which, on that occasion, rewarded our gesture of confidence in the Nationalist party; remembering the massacres and unspeakable atrocities committed in the territory which they claim to administer, many minds besides that of Shanghai are likely to regard as ill-timed and impertinent his suggestion that the British Parliament should pass the Boxer Indemnity Bill without further delay, because, forsooth, the "Chinese regard it as a test question of our good faith." The good faith of the British Government requires no further demonstration; it remains for the Nationalist leaders to show that they know the meaning of the words.

Incidentally, and in conclusion, it may be observed that, apart from his Utopian faith in an undefined new purpose underlying the Nationalist movement, and in an equally undefined cause higher than themselves, Sir

Frederick Whyte makes certain prudent admissions which go far to stultify his own arguments in favour of the line of policy which he advocates. He admits, for example, that the Kuomintang "denotes conditions, not principles," though it would seem that he has failed to make himself sufficiently acquainted with the conditions denoted. He admits that there is in China "neither unity nor conscious patriotism," and that "400 million people cannot be born again in a night"—a perfectly accurate statement which would seem to relegate to the Greek Kalends the benefits to be derived from the southern party's conscious Nationalism. He admits that the Chinese "are not political adults, and will require constructive aid for the achievement of their purpose," and that "the enemies of China are in her own household"; yet he derides the idea of benevolent intervention for the restoration of law, order, and the repression of those enemies. The constructive aid which he contemplates would presumably take the form of enlightened political guidance, though how this is to be applied, in the absence of unity or conscious patriotism, is not apparent. For the rest, he concludes that "the fever of revolution must pass its climax, and the Chinese must learn the lesson of their own disorder, before China can take her new course." Benevolent aid from outside will then be urgently needed, and he believes—indeed, he knows—that when the Chinese become aware of the significance of Geneva (of which not one in a hundred thousand has ever heard) they "will see a new light on their own problem. They may then possibly apply to the League of Nations for that aid." This, he confesses, may take some time. It is possibly within his knowledge that, between the fall of the Han dynasty and the establishment of the Tang, chaos, resembling in all its essential features the present condition of China, lasted for a period of about 400 years, during which time the Chinese never learned, or they failed to apply, the lesson of their own disorder. The educational period in the present case may be shorter, but, whatever its length, the mind of the highbrow is apparently prepared to contemplate with serene detachment the spectacle of a defenceless people butchered to make a politician's holiday.

The Vatican and *Action Française*

By Leo Ward

In the December number of The English Review there appeared an article upon the "*Action Française* and the Vatican," by Mr. Percy Sandys, which seems to me to call for some reply. Some of the facts relating to this subject are already well known. But Mr. Sandys's interpretation of them seems to me to be singularly unfair.

The French Nationalist and Royalist paper, the *Action Française*, was condemned by the present Pope and placed on the Index in December 1926.* The *Action Française* (whose principal intellectual leaders, with the exception of M. Daudet, are agnostics) naturally refused to submit. The majority of their Catholic readers obeyed the Pope; but a large minority refused to do so on the ground that the Pope's motive in condemning the paper was really a political one. Meanwhile the movement received a new recruitment from agnostics and Protestants. The circulation is generally thought to have diminished considerably, but no official figures are available. It was about 65,000 at the time of the condemnation.

Mr. Sandys gives a clear but curiously inexact account of this incident. He accepts the view of the *Action Française* that its condemnation is inspired by political motives, in spite of the Pope's repeated repudiation of such a view and his constant expressions of sympathy with the French Royalists and patriots. If Mr. Sandys had read the article by Mr. Charles Petrie in the August number of this Review, he would have avoided the error of confusing the Royalist cause with that of the *Action Française*. As Mr. Petrie observes, "the *Action Française* by no means includes all those who hope for the restoration of the monarchy. None of the Royalist Senators and Deputies are numbered among its members, and in many monarchist circles both its programme and its methods are regarded with suspicion" (English

* A further decree forbade even those who have permission to read books on the Index to read or in any way support this paper.

REVIEW, August 1927). Moreover, the only book publicly recommended by the Pope himself as expressing his own motives correctly is a symposium written by writers who are widely known to be patriots, Conservatives and Royalists.*

Mr. Sandys tells us that " the *only* explanation " of the condemnation is that " the Vatican has been clearly shown to favour a pro-German policy and the Royalist leaders are, first and above all, patriotic Frenchmen." He regards the whole affair as an " affaire Daudet." But almost everyone in France regards it as an " affaire Maurras," M. Maurras being undoubtedly the *thinker* to whom the movement owes all its chief characteristics. Mr. Sandys further makes the astonishing statement that " M. Maurras . . . is the only agnostic among the Royalist leaders " ! Has Mr. Sandys managed to convert Lucien Moreau, for instance, the man to whom M. Maurras himself is largely indebted for his anti-Christian philosophy, or M. Pujo, the general editor of the paper, or M. Bainville ? In an article to which I have already referred, Mr. Charles Petrie enumerates four men as the supreme leaders of the movement. Of these, only one, M. Daudet, is a believing Christian.† There are, indeed, Catholic chiefs of the *organization* (the League, as it is called) who have been made specially prominent during the anti-Papal campaign. But from its inception the intellectual leaders have been predominantly agnostic.

Mr. Sandys goes on to make a yet more surprising statement. " Regarding the Church's doctrines, he (M. Maurras) has always expressed a respectful, but firm, *incroyance*." Firm perhaps, but not always respectful. The fact that M. Maurras allowed one of the characters in " Anthinéa " to allude to the triumph of Christ as the triumph of " the absurd " is perhaps no proof of anti-Christian prejudice. But the same point of view is found too often in his writings to allow us to regard it as merely accidental. Writing in the original review of *Action Française*,‡ M. Maurras gave expression to the

* " Pourquoi Rome a parlé " (Editions Spes, 17 Rue Soufflot, Paris, V).

† M. Daudet is indeed a Christian. But neither his novels nor his duels have recommended him to the great body of French Catholics.

‡ A fortnightly magazine. The present daily paper was founded a few years before the War.

same idea when he said: "Isaiah and *Jesus*, David and Jeremiah, Ezechiel and Solomon . . . gave by their examples and their discourses the models of pure madness" (*la frénésie toute pure*). In "Anthinéa" (p. 125) M. Maurras describes how he found among the classical glories of Athens a statue which, as his guide-book informed him, was a representation of Christ. "I felt no surprise," he writes. "But I felt the need of running into the open air to rid myself of the disquiet (*le trouble*) in which I was thrown by this sudden return of the modern world and of the Nazarene through whom the ancient fell. *It seemed to me that under the cross of this suffering God, night had come upon the modern age.*"

It is true that, owing to the protestations of his Catholic followers, M. Maurras deleted certain passages from the popular editions of his works. But he refused to retract their sense and republished them in an edition for "book-lovers."

Many other passages might be quoted to show the anti-Christian bent of his mind. Yet, without any retraction of his former opinions, we find him gradually assuming the leadership of a large body of Catholic Royalists whose devotion to him is almost fanatical. How then did M. Maurras bridge the gulf between his old anti-Christianism and his newer philo-Catholicism? By a conversion? Not at all. Rather by the paradoxical (and to a Catholic blasphemous) theory that the Church is a fine pagan institution which has saved the world from the madness of the "Hebrew Christ" by subjecting his religion to a philosophic culture derived from Greece and a legalism which comes from Rome. This is, of course, a revival of Luther's contention which opposes the Church to the Gospel. But Luther used it against the Church, M. Maurras against the Gospel.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to attribute M. Maurras's intellectual evolution on this point to his desire to become the leader of the Royalists (who are mostly Catholic) without abandoning his old paganism, or even to maintain that he hoped to de-Christianize the Catholics by making them dwell on the external glories of their religion (its organization, antiquity and æsthetic grandeur) while ignoring its spiritual content. But undoubtedly his

influence often produced this latter effect. His reasons for admiring the Church are certainly unusual. He argued, for instance, in an early work that it is one of the " philosophic honours " of the Church to have set the " Magnificat " to a splendid chant " which attenuates its poison."

But M. Maurras was careful not to encourage secessions from the Church. He confined his anti-Christian interpretations to expensive editions of his works, and so far as possible kept in touch with ecclesiastics and lay Catholic leaders who only very gradually came to understand the anti-Christian philosophy which underlay his laudations of Catholicism. For M. Maurras, Catholicism has saved the human race from the crude superstitions of Christianity. Thus, when the Comte de Lantivy protested against some passages in " Anthinéa," M. Maurras reassured him : " I admire your faith . . . because, to put all in one word, it is the Catholic Faith. I have always believed that Catholicism has saved the human race." But in recounting this story he has the honesty to add : " If I said *from what* (Catholicism had saved the human race) M. de Lantivy would be shocked. But I find it useless to shock anyone among us when we are all together." (" Politique Religieuse," p. 23.)

Of course, M. Maurras has repeatedly explained that, although his *principles* are opposed to those of his Catholic followers, his *conclusions* in regard to political and social theory are identical with theirs. Yet it is curious that it should almost always be M. Maurras himself who defines exactly how far his ideas are to be accepted and how far repudiated with indignation by his Catholic followers. The Catholic opponents of the *Action Française* have always argued that the same conclusions cannot be derived from contradictory premises. It is impossible to base a whole Catholic theory of society on pagan or naturalistic principles. The *Action Française* is emphatically an " intellectual school " for the renewal of Latin, and especially French, civilization. It has never pretended to confine itself to a merely practical programme. In such a school collaboration must sometimes be exercised on ground which is specifically religious. M. Maurras has indeed admitted this in a remarkable

passage of his "Démocratie Religieuse" (p. 443): "It would be useless to pretend that a collaboration is exercised on . . . the purely political *terrain*. We need not act the modest about the importance of our directive design; its political character does not make it mediocre; it aspires high, since it wills to bring about the French counter-revolution, in rallying and reorganizing the positive forces of the nation. We cannot, therefore, help bringing into play the thoughts and feelings which, in their ensemble and in detail, derive from the religious *dominium* or *condominium*: to that domain which religion shares with other powers *and* to that domain which she has particularly reserved to herself."

It is, then, on the nature of this collaboration, on a distinctively religious *terrain*, that the Church has finally judged. She does not ask the French Royalists to renounce any of their political convictions, but to abandon a movement of which the practice* as well as the principles appear to her to be profoundly anti-Christian. I have discussed whether that judgment is justified in a short brochure recently published.† I will confine myself here to Mr. Sandys's remarks on the subject.

After the surprising statement that "for many years after the third Republic was established the Church reserved her favours for the Royalists and cold-shouldered the new regime"—a statement which ignores the constant appeals of Leo XIII to Catholics to acknowledge and take part in the life of the Republic and their reinforcement by subsequent Popes—Mr. Sandys arrives at the central contention of the *Action Française* that its condemnation is due to German influence. But on what is this founded? Apparently on a purely formal compliment paid to the pacific intentions of France, as defined by her Foreign Minister, in a speech by the Papal Nuncio a few days before the Condemnation was published. M. Briand

* One of the most objectionable practices of the *Action Française* has been its parade of impossible demands (such as for the immediate repeal of Disestablishment and of the Divorce Laws) whereby it has prevented the genuine Catholic demands for religious freedom and educational equality from getting a fair hearing from the secularist majority. This ingenious policy has been very effective in broadening the gulf between the Church and the Republic to the detriment of both.

† "The Condemnation of the *Action Française*" (Sheed & Ward, 1s.).

has always been regarded as a traitor by the *Action Française*. So a Vatican-Briand-Berlin conspiracy was regarded by them as clearly proved. Yet if the Pope were really anxious to weaken the patriotism of French Catholics, it seems hardly likely that he would have confined his action to the comparatively small group of the *Action Française*. We should have expected him to attack the Catholic Federation (numbering some two and a-half million men) of which General de Castelnau is the chief. But, on the contrary, the Holy See has never ceased to express its praise of General de Castelnau and his organization, which is the only official Catholic organization concerned with political representatives.* Even Mr. Sandys will hardly accuse General de Castelnau of want of patriotism! Why should the violent overthrow of the Republic be an essential characteristic of true patriotism? Moreover, the Pope does not even condemn Royalism.

It would take too long to deal with all the remarks of Mr. Sandys—such as his statement that Cardinal Andrieu is an enemy of French Nationalism. Did M. Maurras himself think this when he dedicated one of his books to him about twelve years ago? Or, again, did M. Maurras think that the Pope was pro-German during the war? His book on "Le Pape, la Guerre et le Paix" hardly seems to suggest this, although it does not go so far as General Ludendorff, who described Benedict XV as a "French Pope"! Rather it is since its condemnation on other grounds that the *Action Française* has discovered the pro-Germanism of the Vatican.

Mr. Sandys mentions the *Correspondance Catholique Franco-Allemande*, encouraged at its inception by Cardinal Dubois. But he omits to mention that its second or third number was severely censured by the same prelate, who entirely withdrew his support from it.

Mr. Sandys states that Cardinal Andrieu of Bordeaux was challenged to prove that M. Maurras had ever used the expression "politique d'abord"—a phrase which occurs constantly in his writings. The expression about

* In spite of the great scale of this association very few Catholics anticipate an electoral victory in the near future. The tradition of the Revolution is still powerful among the working-classes and the new electoral law has been framed by the anti-clericals.

which the Cardinal was challenged was quite a different one—a blasphemy perpetrated by Victor Hugo which he had mistakenly attributed to M. Maurras, but which is far less blasphemous than much of that writer's own work.

Finally we may be allowed to state briefly the reasons for the condemnation of the *Action Française*. There could clearly have been no sufficient reason for such a disciplinary act in the days when the movement and its review were openly anti-Christian. It adopted, however, a policy of "alliance" with the Catholic Royalists and was already condemned by Pius X in January, 1914, although the condemnation was not published at the time. Since that date its expressions of anti-Christian philosophy have been less frequent. But the conclusions of that philosophy have in consequence gone unchallenged by its Catholic followers. The assumption that the words "Catholic" and "Royalist" mean the same thing, the frequent opposition to works of social betterment under a regime declared illegitimate, a gospel of unrestrained nationalism—e.g. "applied to nations egoism becomes a duty and a virtue," writes M. Bainville—and above all an externalized and political conception of the Church were undoubtedly weakening the religion of thousands of Catholic young men, who looked for the restoration of the Church by leaders who held that its supreme mission was one of de-Christianization!

When, therefore, the undergraduates of Louvain voted in 1925 that M. Maurras was the greatest of their intellectual influences, a storm of protest followed from the leaders of Church and State in Belgium. Catholic opinion was aroused once more in France itself and a decree from Rome eagerly looked for by many. It has come; and so far as Catholics are concerned, it is final. The intimidation so often practised with success by the *Action Française* is useless against the Papacy. When the Duke of Orleans rebuked the *Action Française* for its violent methods in 1910, the result was a revolt on the part of M. Maurras and his followers, and the capitulation of the Duke. But as the Bishop of Fréjus (M. Maurras's old master) observed in a prophetic passage: "Il a fait capituler son Roi. Il ne fera pas capituler notre Pape."

The New Canadian North

By E. L. Chicanot

(Author of "The Return of the Buffalo")

THE economic north of the American continent is periodically changing. At one time it was held to stop short of the international boundary between the United States and Canada, and authorities dogmatically stated there could be no production worth while beyond this. Now, when the great plains of the Prairie Provinces have become one of the world's greatest agricultural territories, consistently producing the world's prize wheat and accounting for an ever-widening diversity of crops, attention has begun to centre upon the Peace River country, 600 miles or so north of the border, as being potentially a greater farming country. And already the eyes of economists, strained yet farther north and looking right into the Arctic Circle, see there a vast, rich, productive expanse.

Canada, with as yet but a small population sparsely scattered over her broad domain, anticipates a time when what is regarded now as her economic area will be adequately settled and productive, and the search for new wealth and livelihoods will take man ever farther northward. The Dominion is making preparations for the development of her sub-Arctic wastes into a territory comparable in its productive capacity to other of her present divisions. It pictures this now almost uninhabited vast as the greatest preserve of herbivorous animals in the world, constituting a source of meat supply the like of which has never been known, an asset of tremendous national value.

It is not nearly so fantastic as it sounds. In fact, it is eminently feasible. Lamentable misconceptions exist concerning this tremendous hinterland penetrating into the Arctic Circle and reaching almost to the pole, because of the comparatively small amount of exploratory work which has been undertaken and the brief publicity this has ever received. Popular imagination pictures it a bleak, frigid, and barren territory, ceaselessly buried under snow, populated by a few scattered bands of Indians and Eskimos who take harvest of the furs, its one resource. It has occurred to few that it might be a

valuable adjunct to the rest of the Dominion of Canada.

As a matter of fact, it experiences bright and warm summers and produces a luxuriant vegetation capable of sustaining almost illimitable animal life. The rudest survey has revealed the existence of other resources, the extent of which cannot even be guessed. It is significant that the few men who have anything like an extensive knowledge of this region are most enthusiastic advocates of its conservation and development.

One of the obvious resources of this great area which has no place in the picture of snow-swept stretches is its timber. Up to well within the Arctic Circle, where they dwindle in size, are to be found quantities of spruce, tamarac, jackpine, poplar, larch, birch, and willow, all of good size and in commercial quantities. In the Mackenzie district, spruce attain a height of from 80 to 100 ft., and logs have been cut averaging 40 ft. long and 10 to 18 in. in diameter. The printing industry has already made a start upon the pulp-wood supplies of the Prairie Provinces, and waiting here to the north of these is a great future supply of raw material.

This vast territory has come rather more to public attention since the war, and this is due to other phases than its Eskimos and Indians and fur harvest. In the years immediately following the Armistice, the search for oil in Western Canada took drillers up into the Mackenzie River basin, well within the Arctic Circle, where they were rewarded with a strike at Fort Norman, 1,500 miles north of Edmonton, which is awaiting the transportation and other development of the future. Following this, iron ore was discovered in the Mackenzie River basin and on the shore of Lake Athabasca. The most desultory prospecting, carried out mainly by aeroplane, has revealed the mineral resources of the area as very extensive.

More recently, forcible attention has been drawn to the agricultural possibilities of the Far North. In 1926 the prize-winning wheat and also oats at the Hay and Grain Show at Chicago came from a point in the Peace River country, 600 miles north of the border, which brought back to recollection that in 1893 the

prize-winning wheat at the Chicago World's Fair came from the Shaftesbury Settlement, fifteen miles from Peace River Crossing, and that as far back as 1876 wheat grown at a mission at Fort Chipewyan, to all intents and purposes within the Arctic Circle, secured first prize at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

Just how far north the limit of successful agriculture will eventually reach, one would scarcely venture to say, since it is very evident that the wheat belt is steadily being pushed northward. The evolution of Marquis wheat at the time the Canadian prairies were first being settled reduced the time between seeding and harvesting from 120 to 110 days, and definitely expanded what was then considered the wheat belt. The development of Garnet wheat which ripens yet ten days earlier has, according to the best authorities, pushed back the northern boundary of agriculture from 100 to 150 miles, bringing all the meadow and lake country from Port Nelson and Fort Churchill to the Rocky Mountains within the dominion of the plough. Now Herman Trelle, Peace River wheat and oats champion at Chicago in 1926, has produced a wheat which can be sown later and yet ripens eighteen days earlier than present varieties, thus thrusting the limit yet farther north.

Looking into the future, Canada believes the time will come when exploration and exploitation of the vast stretches even beyond the wheat belt will become necessary or advisable, and it is her conviction that the development of the varied natural resources of the territory will depend upon the existence there of a robust native population and an abundance of wild life. Accordingly, the Dominion is taking early steps to ensure the protection of those animals upon which the sparse population of that territory now depends and also the introduction of others which may be reasonably expected to thrive there.

It was shortly after the end of the war that attention was forcibly drawn to the diminution of wild life in the sub-Arctic Circle. A Government Commission of trappers, Hudson Bay officials, mounted policemen, and other frontiersmen was appointed, and it is largely upon the recommendations contained in their report that the Government has been working. Immediately, three islands

in the North-West Territories—Southampton, Mansel, and Goat—each with an abundance of fodder, were set aside as perpetual breeding-grounds for herbivorous animals which existed in the area or might later be introduced.

The introduction of reindeer into the territory, especially after the successful experiment of the United States in Alaska, was recommended and considered, and this, supported by the enthusiastic advocacy of the explorer Stefannson, who probably knows more about this region and its potentiality than any other man, stimulated private enterprise. One company brought in from Finland 700 animals to be grazed on Baffin Island, there to be attended by their Laplander shepherds, while another secured a Dominion concession of 75,850 square miles of grazing in the Barren Lands north of the Churchill River and planned to drive 1,500 reindeer across from Alaska. These enterprises would appear to have proceeded without sufficient preliminary investigation and study, and their lack of success is believed to be due to a choice of territory deficient in the moss suitable for pasturage.

Authorities, however, believe that the project is feasible in the territory and the Government is seriously planning the stocking of the Mackenzie River basin with reindeer, and is making most careful investigation to this end. The Porslid brothers of Denmark, men of wide experience in the Arctic, were engaged some time ago by the Government to investigate thoroughly all conditions entering into the proposed attempt. They went into the North Country in June, 1926, and will not come out again until the spring of this year. They spent eight months investigating the reason for the successful introduction of reindeer into Alaska, and have worked down the Mackenzie River and Great Bear districts with a view to comparing conditions. Next year they will report to the Dominion Government, and should their findings be favourable, 2,000 reindeer will be introduced into the area.

In the post-war period the Government's efforts at developing great meat-producing herds in the Far North were aided from a most unexpected direction. In 1921 a Government survey party in the uncharted

areas of Northern Alberta encountered a herd of several hundred buffalo—an animal which was believed to be extinct in its wild state. Steps were immediately taken to protect them and their range grounds were declared a sanctuary. A park of some 17,300 square miles in extent was created, cabins erected, and wardens appointed to supervise and afford protection.

Subsequently, a brilliant solution to the problem of congestion in the domesticated herds of the national park in Alberta occurred to the Government which had for some years been killing off a number of animals each year to keep the herds down to reasonable proportions. It was decided to transfer a number of young and vigorous buffalo raised on the reserve to the wild sanctuary and turn them loose with their untamed brethren there. In the past three summers, at considerable expense and tremendous trouble, some seven thousand animals have been moved by train and river barge over the hundreds of miles from the Wainwright Park to Fort Fitzgerald on the Peace River and turned loose to mingle with the wild herd there. The Government reports the experiment a complete success, rangers declaring the animals to be in excellent condition and their numbers increasing.

It is possible to look confidently forward to the steady increase of these northern buffalo herds until their expansive ranging grounds will almost reproduce the conditions which the pioneers to the West found. Under this protection a vast source of meat supply can be built up. Even before the transfer, when the overcrowding of the national park necessitated an annual slaughter, buffalo meat was on the Canadian market from coast to coast in competition with beef, and it is not too much to anticipate a time when this food of America's pioneers will be feeding not alone the millions of Canada's population, but other millions far beyond its borders.

Probably the most valuable animal of the sub-Arctic is the musk-ox. While the development of the buffalo herds was formerly problematical and that of the reindeer still is to some extent, there is no question about the adaptability of this animal to the region, or its superior value. The musk-ox is peculiarly and essentially an

animal of the sub-Arctic, where it has always thrived and can be expected to thrive indefinitely under adequate protection. The musk-ox is, in fact, one of the most wonderful and potentially useful of the Dominion's big game animals—huge and strong, exceptionally free from disease, and capable of defending itself against all the menaces of the wild excepting man. Its flesh is excellent eating and its pelt extremely valuable. The splendid abilities of the animal to rustle through the winter obviate the necessity for semi-annual migration, which lays other big-game animals open to attacks from their enemies and renders them difficult to find, as in the case of the cariboo.

The animal is invaluable to the area as providing both food and clothing, and is to be an important factor in the development of the territory. This is so clearly recognized that when the steady advance of trappers had threatened the musk-ox with extinction within a few years the Government stepped in. Recently, a sanctuary for this animal was established in the valleys of the Hanbury and Thelon Rivers, east of Great Slave Lake, the area containing 15,000 square miles comprised in a district 200 miles long and 75 miles wide. This special section was selected because it has been reported to contain some of the remaining musk-ox herds and is without trading posts or permanent residents, being, in fact, a sort of no-man's land between the Indian and Eskimo hunting grounds.

Under the plans being gradually elaborated and the rigid protection enforced, a new and a great north is developing, and the vast sub-Arctic tundras which have long been so insignificantly regarded as desolate wastes supporting a few scattered Indians and Eskimos, precariously living upon the fur harvest, are being transformed into a great meat preserve. The new North may one day be as renowned for its meat as the area to the south of it is today for its wheat. In view of past experiences and regarding all that is being done, it does not require too vivid an imagination to see this territory supporting a substantial and vigorous population exploiting its many natural resources and sending its products over the world.

The Truth About Vilno

By J. H. Harley

VILNO has been a name of note in the British Press during the last few years. Indeed, at the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations on December 10 last, it monopolized a primary part of the attention. The British newspapers yielded up an ampler space than usual to the discussion of foreign affairs by furnishing at great length a romantic report of a meeting between Marshal Pilsudski, the Prime Minister of Poland, and M. Valdemaras, the Prime Minister of Lithuania. "Is it to be war or peace?" was the fateful question put by the Pole to the Lithuanian. "It is peace," was the Lithuanian reply, and thereupon the British public were invited to retire to a tranquil repose with the conviction that they were amply secured against any dangers of a European conflagration. Now, however, their peaceful mood has had to submit to a considerable shock. Little paragraphs have appeared announcing that all has not gone right with the negotiations which followed as the corollary of what was assumed to be a firm settlement at Geneva. M. Valdemaras, indeed, when asked to discuss how best to re-establish postal and railway communications between Lithuania and Poland, replied in effect that "Vilno blocks the way!"

What is the truth about this Vilno, and how is it that this historic town still exerts a disturbing influence on the prospects of European peace?

Certainly there is nothing to suggest war or any serious disturbance of the peace as you stroll today through the streets of this much-discussed city. You are rather struck with the number and beauty of the churches, and you are naturally disposed to associate such splendid edifices with the real presence of peace. The signboards of the shops are Polish. Polish is the language volubly talked by the young men and maidens who are parading the chief street in the cool of the evening. When I first visited Vilno, the whole place was bedecked with tributes

to General Zeligowski, great numbers of flags declaring that "Vilno welcomed her deliverer." I had the honour of interviewing the General himself, who had just been described by Lord Balfour as a "bandit" or as a "general of uncertain allegiance." Zeligowski, who is a man of considerable charm of presence, was not in the slightest degree abashed by the description. "Do I look like a bandit?" he demanded of me, and I was obliged to confess that he did not answer to the description. Yet I felt I must pursue my inquiries farther, and I meekly suggested to him that British public opinion had been taught to believe that he had not only illegally seized the city of Vilno, but that he was even then lording over it by the sheer force of arms. He eagerly took up the latter half of the challenge. He pointed out that he had just had to impose a heavy tax on Vilno for the support of his army of occupation, and he declared that the people of Vilno had paid the tax without the slightest appearance of demur. "People don't usually pay taxes with a light heart," he ventured to assert, and I, with many experiences of menacing demand notes, was fain to confess that he was right. It was quite evident that the people of Vilno, who had put up all the decorations that I saw around me, did not regard General Zeligowski as a foreign foe who had simply forced his legions into their midst.

Vilno, in fact, for many years has had a great Polish tradition. After 1815 and till 1832 its university was a primary centre of Polish culture. Some of the most venerated names in Polish history were inscribed as alumni in its rolls. In 1863 it was heart and soul with the Polish insurrection, and witnessed the punitive deportations of Polish families into Russia which altered considerably the relative percentages of the people as between different nationalities. Polish, as has already been pointed out, is the predominant language in its streets. No doubt, if you chance to wander from the streets to the market-place, you may hear peasants talking White Russian or, as the Poles prefer to call it, White Ruthenian. But you will be very clever indeed if you hear a single word talked in Lithuanian, a recondite and difficult tongue which is said to bear some likeness to the Sanscrit. In this fact, indeed, we encounter the first consideration

which causes us to suspect whether we have previously apprehended the whole truth about Vilno.

Why should the Lithuanians make any claim for Vilno at all? History is all very well, but historic presumptions must yield when brought into contact with veritably established facts. Indeed, the visitor to Vilno today can hardly resist the conclusion that if the Lithuanians were admitted to rule the city, they would have to impose their language on the people by the discredited methods of Bismarck. Vilno itself is to all appearance Polish, as is also the countryside as far as the present Lithuanian frontier. To the south of the city there are isolated villages inhabited by Lithuanians, while east and north the bulk of the peasants are White Ruthenian. Of course, a large number of the Polish-speaking people are Jews, but there is no reason to believe that the Jews would now hesitate to opt for Polish rather than Lithuanian nationality. At the municipal elections for the city, held in June 1927, there were returned twelve Jews, one White Ruthenian, and thirty-four Poles, but only one solitary Lithuanian. Of the Poles, five were Communists —a fact which shows the conditions of freedom under which these elections were conducted. Why, then, it must be repeated, should the Lithuanian Government with such insistent violence demand this town, which they could only hope to hold by imposing on it a foreign yoke, and which, at every fresh development of their power, would expose them to the danger of a fresh conflict with Poland?

It is certainly very difficult to understand, but there can be no doubt of the insistent violence of the Lithuanian demand for Vilno. Can no real explanation be offered? Mr. Rutter, in his interesting book on the Baltic States, furnishes us with our first clue to the real truth. He tells us that he came on traces of a sort of cult which in these latter years appears to have been fostered in Lithuania round the very name of the city. Speaking of his visit to Mariampol, he narrates how he happened on a pleasant and shady park. "Here," he says, "I came upon a newly planted oak tree. I asked Bagdonas why it was so particularly fenced. 'We Lithuanians call it the Vilno tree,' he answered. 'All over the country you will find

such young trees growing. Like our aspirations, they will never be allowed to die.'" There is a flaw, of course, in the underlying presuppositions of this modern replica of the primitive Lithuanian worship of the oak. The oak tree at Mariampol might flourish and grow green for many years, but eventually it must reach the apogee of its strength. Then, albeit imperceptibly, it is bound to grow old and decay. Does the same law of life hold good of the Lithuanian demand for Vilno? Is this apologue a prophecy?

At any rate it furnishes us with a first explanation of the fact that the Lithuanians put up such an insistent claim to a place which, on the most favourable ethnographical assumptions, they could hardly hope to hold and govern if they did get possession. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the obstinate iteration with which they now press their plea that "Vilno blocks the way!" It is the result of an obsession or a paralysing fixed idea which, after being transformed into the likeness of a cult, has ended by completely possessing the mind. Meet any leading Lithuanian in committee to consider some point about Memel or the navigation of the Niemen. At every step and despite the nature of the questions discussed, you will be confronted with the old slogan about Vilno. You end by getting nothing practical attempted or done, because for the latter-day Lithuanian of the governing or peasant classes, every road leads in the end to this magnetic city. The result has been a fanatical national feeling amongst certain classes which has been artificially fostered by the Lithuanian rulers, and has now become a positive danger to the peace of Europe. I have carefully confined this feeling to certain Lithuanian classes because it is a moot point how far, despite the efforts of Governmental circles, this obstinate preoccupation with one subject has really permeated every section of the populace. M. Tarnowski, for example, the Polish Foreign Office official who has just paid a visit to M. Valdemaras as the bearer of an invitation to a conference from M. Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister, reports that he found no hostility to Poland among the great mass of the people. Probably he meant the people of Kovno or some of the larger villages. Among the peasantry, however,

and where the cult is being spread, there is no doubt that it is full of dangers for the security of Europe. It might have been defensible just after the *coup* of General Zeligowski and whilst frontier affrays formed a characteristic feature of the order of events. But once the Ambassadors' Conference had settled the nationality of Vilno in 1923 and that settlement had then been corroborated by the allied and associated Powers, this fanatical and irrational propaganda ought surely to have been brought to a close.

Now, however, it has been taken up by the Lithuanian Foreign Office and made a kind of guiding star of Lithuanian foreign policy. Unless they had been very strong and resolute men, it is difficult to see how the rulers of Lithuania could have avoided being drawn into this false position. The result, at any rate, was that when M. Valdemaras came into office as the sequel of a revolution in the last weeks of 1926, he at once published a declaration adhering, so far as Vilno was concerned, to the policy of his predecessors. "Poland and Russia," he said, about the Christmas of 1926, "will never be good friends; therefore Lithuania must turn to Russia. Until the Polish-Lithuanian conflict has been settled, Russia will remain the friend of Lithuania, and whoever goes with Warsaw must forfeit the company of Lithuania. No Lithuanian, unless he is a traitor, can renounce the claim to Vilno." To speak like this on such a subject in the inflammable surroundings of the Baltic States is surely very wilfully to play with fire.

This diplomatic levity was all the more remarkable because a very different policy had been expected from this man of a revolution. The Government dispossessed by M. Valdemaras had been a Government which sought the friendly alliance of Soviet Russia. They had even secured a treaty from Soviet Russia which, so far as it seemed to promise anything, seemed to promise a kind of support to the Lithuanian pretensions to Vilno. Of course, this was hardly consistent with the understanding given by Soviet Russia to Poland in the relevant clauses of the Treaty of Riga, and M. Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister, in a dispatch of admirable form and temper, promptly brought M. Tchitcherin to book. M. Tchitcherin

characteristically replied by pointing out that he did not mean to convey what he appeared to say. He had only meant to dispute the competency of the Ambassadors' Conference; and, since, apart from the decision of the latter body, there had been no agreement notified to Russia as between the two disputing parties, it was the consequent view of Russia that the future of Vilno still lay on the knees of the gods. Apparently, that is, the masters of Russia were inclined to flirt with Lithuania, although the mass of the Lithuanian people did not relish being mixed up with any such course of Soviet intrigue. The peasant, whether Lithuanian or Great Russian, has always been somewhat of a thorn in the sides of the Commissars. Thus it was that, at the time of the Valdemaras Revolution, it was officially declared that the military had resorted to a *coup d'état* because that was the only way to prevent a Communist Putsch. The old Government had been suspected of favouring the Bolshevists, and therefore it was only to be expected that the new Government would go right strongly in exactly the opposite direction. But it was not so; the new Government were compelled on this subject to box the compass, and all because of this irrational and fanatical cry for Vilno. The *Manchester Guardian*, which, although an avowedly peace-loving paper, is inclined only too often to gamble in European disturbances, described the situation quite characteristically on December 20, 1926. "Desire to recover Vilno," it declared, "and hatred of Poland for having seized Vilno are not party but national emotions in Lithuania, and, so long as the Polish-Lithuanian feud over Vilno remains unappeased, common enmity towards Poland may be relied upon to make Lithuania and Russia continue to sup together—even though Lithuania may find it convenient to take a longer spoon."

Now we come back to the December meeting of the Council at Geneva, because, if we have not got the obstinate preoccupation of the Lithuanians thoroughly in our mind, we cannot understand the events which have followed during the last few weeks. There were people in this country who both spoke and wrote as if the main subject before the Council was a revision of the

Vilno settlement. How could it be? There may be those who, through want of knowledge or in the interests of propaganda, speak as if the Lithuanian claim to Vilno has grown so much stronger since the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference that a demand for revision could be defended. As a matter of fact, exactly the opposite is the case. Lithuanian influence in Vilno, faint before, has gradually grown fainter and fainter. Even after the war they only held it for about a fortnight, and then simply because it was handed over to them in spite by the Russians who were retreating before the Poles. The plea that the Ambassadors' Conference had no prerogative to settle the future of Vilno, though favoured by the somewhat petulant *Manchester Guardian*, lacks plausibility, and, in any case, the Council of the League of Nations is not the body to raise such a point. Therefore it was certain that December's Council would not reopen the question of Vilno. All that it had to do was to admonish Lithuania for preserving the appearance of a mimic "state of war" with Poland which, though bloodless and treated by Poland with admirable restraint of temper, might yet, through its frontier incidents, become eventually a serious danger to Europe.

The general impression in this country was that the Council of the League had succeeded and that Lithuania had opted for peace and the removal of irritating manifestations of war. Of course, the Poles knew their Lithuanians much more accurately; but still, not to leave any stone unturned, M. Zaleski sent to M. Valdemaras a courteous little note suggesting Riga as the place of the first meeting to carry out the Council's wishes, and asking that the reopening of railway and postal and telegraphic communication between the two countries might be the first subject to be placed on the agenda. Apparently he thought that M. Valdemaras had practically agreed to this at a discussion between the two which was held at Geneva. But M. Valdemaras was not to be held to any such practical proposal. In a curious and tortuous note, dated January 16, he showed a disposition to avoid the main point by nibbling at questions such as the credentials of the Polish delegate, M. Tarnowski. Then it seemed as if he was going to

accept because he announced that he had addressed a request to Italy to represent Lithuania in consular communications with Poland. At this favourable juncture, however, he suddenly changed his tune. They must first have satisfaction about the Lithuanians expelled by the Poles from Vilno. The Poles must no longer harbour Lithuanian refugees. There must be previous discussion about the liquidation of Lithuanian damages sustained in the descent of General Zeligowski on Vilno. In fact, to make a long dispatch short, Vilno still blocked the way.

All this is very sad and discouraging and demands some plausible elucidation. Of course, the influence of an irrational Vilno cult explains a great deal so far as the Lithuanian peasantry are concerned. The latter live in little villages of from twenty to thirty houses, and as their husbandry is still mainly the medieval system of strips of open field, they are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of a revivification of primitive ideas. But surely M. Valdemaras, an up-to-date Professor and Fascist, knows better than this! He can hardly believe that even if Vilno were restored to him tomorrow he could hold it for more than a few hours in presence of a huge majority of people of other races. His President, M. Smetona, is at any rate perfectly aware of this fact. This conclusion appears to be confirmed by the report of an interview which appears in the *Baltische Presse*, and which he gave to an eminent Danish publicist, M. Bögholm. In this interview the President led M. Bögholm to believe that, though no Lithuanian Government could recognize the incorporation of Vilno in the Polish State, he was yet in favour of opening up negotiations which might result in some kind of compromise on the subject.

M. Valdemaras, however, continues to play Box to his President's Cox. In an interview which he also accorded to the enterprising journalist, he was quite sceptical of the possibility, not only of a Lithuanian approximation to Poland, but of a federation of the Baltic States. How could there be such a federation in the present state of things? The idea might seem feasible to such States as Latvia and Esthonia, but then these States were not, as Lithuania was, menaced by an

insistent Polish challenge to their national separateness. He appeared to be quite aware of the seriousness of a position that met every request for a conference by the repetition of an irrational slogan. "I understand," he declared quite candidly, "that the abnormal relations which obtain between Lithuania and Poland are not only a danger to these two countries themselves, but they are a menace to the peace of Europe." This serious situation, however, did not appear to shake his self-confidence in the soundness of his position. A federation with Poland on the basis of the pre-war relation between Austria and Hungary is, he thinks, unrealizable. And why? Because such an arrangement could only result in the eventual supremacy of Poland?

Here we have the real crux of the whole matter. In the view of the Lithuanian politicians, who may be presumed to have freed themselves from the influence of an irrational cult, there is in addition the haunting fear that if there is any free intercourse between Lithuania and Poland, the national sense of individuality of the one will be imperilled by the dominating nationality and culture of the other. And there may be a certain amount of support for this fear. In Lithuania, as M. Bögholm has suggestively shown, there is a sad lack of any class capable of creating a Lithuanian national culture. The Lithuanian language is difficult and peculiar. Only a small proportion of the Lithuanians resident in the Polish Republic can speak it freely at all. In the villages round Vilno it is impossible to detect any enthusiasm for a special Lithuanian brand of approved national culture. It was really the Poles who, in latter years, constituted the intellectual class in Lithuania. Marshal Pilsudski himself is a Lithuanian. Kosciuszko and Mickiewicz claimed the same ancient descent. M. Valdemaras and his friends are afraid that the light of Lithuanian separatism will grow more and more dim, and so they replenish its rays before the oak trees of the cult of Vilno!

What is to be the result of it all? M. Valdemaras cries out for Vilno not because he could deal with the city if he got it, but because it can serve as a pretext for keeping a Chinese wall between Lithuania and Poland

until he has become convinced that the feeling of Lithuanian separatism is safe from Polish contagion. This means that for fifteen or twenty years every proposal for normal friendly relations between the two countries would be repelled by the continued reiteration of the slogan: "Vilno blocks the way!" Verily a dreary and discouraging prospect for the future!

European peace is even now not too strongly established, and an unpleasant incident on the Vilno frontier, or some fresh and irritating manifestation of the influence of an irrational cult, might fan the whole Near East into a flame. It is evident, therefore, that not much is to be expected of M. Valdemaras. But M. Zaleski appears to have the situation well in hand. His reply to the note of M. Valdemaras in which he asks a plain answer to a plain request is admirable and direct. It can scarcely be that the Lithuanian Premier will refuse for any long time to concede a certain amount of diplomatic intercourse, especially as he does not seem to have been too successful in his recent visit to Berlin. Two prominent and unofficial Lithuanians have recently visited Warsaw. There may be more to follow. Gradually as the old stiff and stubborn attitude in which M. Valdemaras sees his only safety is broken down by the inexorable course of events, a better spirit will supervene. For centuries Poles and Lithuanians faced the future side by side and it is hardly to be doubted that the first plan of M. Hymans will be resuscitated in some more or less modified form to become a starting point for the future.

Sir Alfred Mond's Utopia

By Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

"Behold, my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book."—Job xxxi, 35.

The reader will doubtless agree that, in judging the actions and words of any man, the critic should hold himself bound to introduce charity into his judgments in an inverse ratio to the publicity sought by their object. Thus, when a politician proclaims himself "The Man who won the War," we rightly examine his claim without any attempt to find anything but the bare truth, however disconcerting it may be when found. But when great soldiers, whether as Ministers of War or as Commanders-in-Chief, have striven whole-heartedly to serve their country while keeping themselves as far as possible in the background, we pass over as lightly as we can those incidents in their public service where they appear to have made mistakes.

Thus, also, if one of the thousands of humble industrialists, who year by year are hammering out the means by which the relations between themselves and their workmen may be slowly but steadily improved, acts unwisely or fails in his object, we do not proclaim his failure on the house-tops. But if a financier insists upon occupying the front of the stage in order to advertise his quack remedies for industrial ailments, it would appear to me that his audience is in no way under an obligation charitably to withhold the appropriate missiles. Indeed, their duty is rather to protect the public by booing off the stage an indifferent amateur performance which the newspaper critics, for reasons best known to themselves, have hailed with adulation.

Having now, I trust, created a suitable atmosphere in which to consider Sir Alfred Mond's "Industry and Politics,"* let us address ourselves to the task of estimating

* Macmillan & Co. 12s. 6d. net.

its value. An application of the methods of the higher criticism to the text enables the student to assign approximate dates to the various speeches and pamphlets of which the book is composed, and a note at the beginning of the volume provides a check upon the results thus attained, confirming the natural conclusion of the reader that the two last sections of the book were produced before all the others with the exception of the one entitled, "The Application of Science to Industry." The latter, however, appears to have but little connection with the other parts of the volume, as is the case with certain other essays.

The two chapters at the end contain an attack upon the Socialist position and, as such, are admirable. They begin with a paragraph advocating a policy which—

> by removing the evil effects of monopoly and waste, will conduce to the well-being of the people (p. 308).

Thereafter a pæan of praise of competition in industry:

> Competition eliminates incapacity.
>
> Competition is the breath and soul of human endeavour.
>
> It is Nature's way of proving who is the best man.
>
> It is the only way which exists in order to bring out that which is best.
>
> Socialism must end in failure. It is up against the elementary instincts of human nature, the free play of competition . . . (pp. 321 and 333).

This almost lyric enthusiasm for free competition in industry is combined with grave warnings against the danger of huge industrial conglomerations, such as would result under a system of State or Guild Socialism:

> I have come deliberately to the conclusion that it is quite impossible for human beings to control any industry beyond a certain magnitude. (p. 314). When one of the American trusts was dissolved, the component parts of the trust made more money in competition with each other than when united, simply because it had outgrown proper economic management, and become so large that the company was like a Government department, so complicated and so full of red tape that paralysis set in (pp. 314, 315).

And so on.

Thus spake Sir Alfred Mond in 1923. But, by the summer of 1926, his views had changed. This is proved by the fact that he sponsored an amendment to the Mining Industry Bill designed to secure compulsory

amalgamation of colliery concerns. Competition, in 1923 an unmixed blessing, has now become a curse—particularly in the Welsh anthracite district. We find in 1927 that huge trusts, such as the Imperial Chemical Industries, which were formerly unmanageable, have now become necessary in order that competition may not keep down the prices which the consumer has to pay:

> Anyone who has studied the economic condition of the world today must have had his mind forcibly directed to . . . the grouping together of industry in larger and larger units, and the building up of huge organizations which at one time would have been considered unmanageable and uncontrollable. One of the main reasons behind this tendency is the fact that modern science and modern engineering and the facilities for obtaining capital have today brought into existence a capacity for the production of goods which, if not regulated in some way, leads to a chaotic form of competition. . . . The rationalization of industry, then, is an attempt to adjust the means of production to the probable means of consumption, and so regulate prices . . . (pp. 210, 211).

We live in strenuous days, indeed, when the enormous benefits of free competition completely disappear in less than four years, and the world has to be saved from excessive production of wealth by combines, monopolies, tariffs, and cartels. For, by the year 1927, the idea of international competition began to terrify the chairman of the Chemical Trust:

> How can we, split up in this way, energies and resources dissipated, stand up against competitors who specialize in every direction and concentrate on the most economical and up-to-date methods of production? (p. 214).

A world-wide trust is clearly imperative:

> The international cartel, or the movement towards international combination, ought to be of great mutual benefit, both to the shareholders . . . and to all those engaged in the industry, especially to the worker. . . . Cheaper production naturally implies the possibility of paying higher wages. It also means cheaper goods . . . and a better standard of living for the community (pp. 246, 247).

Yet, in 1923:

> The human tendency is to get the biggest price for their commodities and the largest possible profits they can obtain (p. 335).

What tremendous progress in four short years! In 1923, and perhaps for a few months thereafter, company promoters made all that they could out of their promotions. But by 1927 human nature had changed

and monopolistic trusts have become perfect in their altruism.

But, in order that this large-scale philanthropy may prosper the State must help. Hence we get advocacy of "Compulsory Arbitration," despite the ghastly ruin which that system is rapidly producing in Australia. Furthermore, a chapter is devoted to showing that the Speenhamland system of subsidizing wages was really a great success. This leads us naturally and inevitably to Sir A. Mond's scheme for reducing unemployment by subsidizing the lucky employers who are able to get control of certain joint committees in the various industries. The reader may derive much interest and amusement from the study of that egregious scheme, if he will consider it in relation to some undertaking which is faced with the task of killing competition in order to produce a sufficient degree of monopoly to justify an excessive capitalization.

To sum up the whole matter uncharitably but truthfully, the book is rendered worthless by the fact that parts of it were composed when the author was a convinced Liberal free-trader, while other parts were produced after he had made a complete *volte face* in his political and economic views, and had become the leading spirit in the anthracite and chemical combines. Opinions on financial matters must differ widely, but my own view is that the capitalization of both those concerns is so heavy that a high degree of monopoly is essential to their success. The reader must form his own conclusions on that point, for he certainly will not get much help from the newspapers. But, if after investigation he is inclined to agree with me, he will find it as difficult as I do to dissociate the bulk of "Industry and Politics" from the immediate requirements of those undertakings.

There is a school of thought which appears to have only one conception of industry—the production of scarcity by the elimination of competition, the making of corners, the forcing of artificially high prices, and the use of political power to attain those ends. Sir H. Samuel's Coal Commission Report and Sir A. Mond's activities, political, financial, and literary, are good examples.

Unemployment: The Problem and the Remedy

By E. T. Good

I WRITE as an old workman and a real victim of unemployment when there was no insurance and few sympathetic local authorities. Moreover, after close observation of modern methods of relieving the unemployed, I write as the person who first suggested a national, compulsory, and contributory scheme of insurance against unemployment. After what I have seen of the scheme and its results I apologize.

It must be said at once that there is no complete cure for unemployment in a civilized society. We may reduce the number of unemployed; we may relieve them in various ways; but there is no such thing as a permanent remedy in the sense of a scheme to keep all men in regular work—a regulation number of hours per day or week, and all the year round, and every year. I say today, as I said a quarter of a century ago, that not only is it impossible to abolish unemployment, but that there is no reason why we should try, and that so long as we or our politicians dream of some complete solution of the unemployment problem in the sense of having all men always at work, we shall never be able to treat the matter, or the men, properly.

Let us get down to facts. The ebbs and flows of industry, the fluctuations of commerce, the change of fashions and seasons, even the fads of appetite and the desire for amusements, all render it impossible to have an even and regular scheme of employment. The march of science and invention leads to changes in the demand for labour. Seed-time and harvest, heavy snowstorms, and the vagaries of the weather, all cause irregularity in the use of labour. The most highly-protected and closely-organized industrial nations must have their ups and downs in the demand for workers. Progressive industry

needs what may be called a reserve of idle labour. How can a new industry be started if every man is already fully employed at satisfactory wages? Besides, why should we agitate for some scheme to absorb all the unemployed, which means condemning every man to permanent work whether he likes it or not? We do not agitate for perpetual war in order that all our soldiers may be fighting permanently. There is nothing unnatural or wrong in any man having a few weeks of unemployment, or in a big nation having a few hundreds of thousands of unemployed, even in prosperous times. This does not imply that the same men should be always out of work, or that we should not try to expand our industries. It does not imply that our genuine unemployed—our industrial reserve—should starve or deteriorate. It simply means that we ought to stop hugging delusions and face the facts and actualities of life and labour like sensible persons. If we get the facts in true focus, we shall know what to do.

Next, let me remark on the theory and practice of unemployment insurance, or relief. When I originally propounded the principle of insurance against temporary periods of unemployment, I argued—and those who supported my idea argued—that workmen ought to have some security against hunger in case of suspension from work owing to the law of supply and demand or the ebb and flow of industry. We contended that if workmen had an insurance scheme, they would not dread unemployment to such an extent that they would linger over their jobs. We thought that insurance against unemployment would stamp out the wretched, demoralizing, and costly policy of "ca' canny." We sincerely imagined that with security against hunger in case of unemployment men would perform their work well, and that our industrial output would increase, our competitive powers would be strengthened, and our industries would, in consequence, expand to such extent that unemployment would be reduced to a minimum. That was the theory. It has been absolutely upset by results. We have had more "ca' canny," more agitation, and more unemployment since we gave the workers "economic security against starvation" than we had before. Our scheme has defeated

its own objects. We have half-pauperized our men, we have sapped their independence, we have weakened our industrial abilities, we have taxed our commerce, and we have intensified our unemployment problem.

It is a remarkable fact that many human beings are more amenable to fear than anything else. As an old workman, I am entitled to state my opinions freely. When we feared complete loss of income in case of unemployment, we tried to please our employers and keep our jobs. By so doing we enabled our employers to compete successfully in the markets of the world, and we had cheap commodities in our own market. We had cheap living. When we were dismissed, we were thrown on our own resources, and we got back to work as soon as we could get a job. We drew on our bit at the bank, if we had a bit there. We asked the landlord to let the rent run. We asked the grocer and butcher for credit. We borrowed money from relatives and friends. Such being the case, we were eager to get back into employment. Then we paid off our debts like men. Today vast numbers of our workers recognize no duty to their employer or the State. They have learned to regard public relief as rightful and proper. They think they are under no particular obligation to seek work for themselves, or to launch out in any new line. And when they get employment, they feel it does not matter whether they please or offend their employers, whether they are efficient or inefficient, whether the goods they produce are marketable or not, or how soon they are unemployed again. The net result is that our industrial competitive powers are seriously impaired.

The real problem of unemployment is how to expand our industries in order to provide the maximum of employment, and so to treat the unemployed that they remain efficient workers, ready and keen to get back to work—any honest work that presents itself or can be found.

On the main point—the expansion of industries—we need a new policy. As a nation, or a State, we seem to do more to handicap our productive industries—more to dry up the well-springs of employment and less to encourage wage-paying enterprises—than any other great

country. There is not a foreign Government in the world that levies such oppressive taxes on industry, enterprise, and thrift as the British Government. In no foreign country is the burden of local rates on productive industries so high as in Great Britain. There is no nation but the British freely importing foreign competitive goods whilst seeing much of its industrial plant stand idle and paying out tens of millions in unemployment relief. There is no foreign nation which permits its vital industries to be "blacklegged" by subsidized imports whilst its own men and machines are unproductive. Every important nation or Government in the world except the British pays special attention to the development of productive industries. We permitted our agriculture to decline in the nineteenth century. In the twentieth the agricultural decline is accompanied by stagnation, if not decline, in important mining and manufacturing industries. We import foreign pig-iron and steel whilst our own iron ore mining and pig-iron making industries decay. Only twenty years ago we exported five and a-half times as much iron and steel as we imported. That helped to rectify our trade balances—helped to pay for our imported food. Recently we have imported more iron and steel than we have exported, on a tonnage basis. Thus we are losing ground in the greatest manufacturing industry, as we are in agriculture. In first one line and then another, in first one market and then another, we are being overtaken and outdistanced by nations with sufficient intelligence to safeguard the industries upon which they depend. There is no first, second, or third-rate foreign nation which will for one moment entertain the bare idea of following our example in fiscal and industrial imbecility. It is time we ceased to think that we are the only wise people.

We have to live in a competitive world. Competition, indeed, is the mainspring of industrial development, as it is the life of sport. But if too long and too persistently we allow our vital industries to be handicapped in the international competitive race, we cannot even hope to afford adequate employment for our growing population. Per man employed and per unit of production, our industries are by far the most heavily taxed and rated and

restricted in the world. If our statesmen are so incompetent that they cannot, or so cowardly that they dare not, cut down national expenditure and taxation, they ought, at least, to have the wisdom to equalize competitive conditions by making foreign goods pay to come into the expensive British market. The statesmen of other countries know how to do it. They think and act in the interests of industries, whilst ours are pandering, on the one hand, to outworn theories, and on the other, to the Socialistic and Communistic wreckers of industry.

If we would only give industry that chance of expansion which it gets abroad—encourage instead of discourage investment and profit-making, the way would then be clear to tackle the scandal of paying men for doing nothing. We must get back to something like the old idea of work and personal responsibility; we must revive the fear of suffering for idleness; we must make men understand the importance of giving good service when they are employed, and looking for a new job when they lose an old one; we must kill the pauper spirit; we must cease to have the State coddling grown men and idle men at the expense of the enterprising and thrifty; we must set about developing a race of sturdy workers instead of flabby jellyfish—men with the will to seek work, to keep work, and to do it well. "Protection for industry and penalties for indolence" ought to be our motto. The policies of penalizing enterprise, permitting "blackleg imports," and pampering idleness have been tried and found wanting.

When Stendhal was a Grocer

By Francis Gribble

HENRI BEYLE (whom the world knows as Stendhal) lived in the romantic age in which the heroes and heroines of fiction had nothing to do except to love and be loved. He liked to think of himself as a romantic character of the kind. Love-making always seemed to him, when he looked back on his life, to have been the most important of his occupations, though he had also served his country in the commissariat service in war and in a consulate in peace; and that is how he came to write in one of the autobiographical scraps which he left behind him that he had, in 1806, "followed to Marseilles an actress who had gone there to play the leading *rôles* in tragedy."

It was a misleading statement. The actual fact was that Stendhal went to Marseilles to learn the grocery business. There was an actress in the case, indeed; but his plans had been made without reference to hers, and it was only by accident that they were there together. The true story of their relations and his ambitions, lately told, for the first time in full detail, by M. Paul Arbelet,* is very interesting.

Stendhal had left the army, with the rank of sub-lieutenant, hoping to find some shorter cut to wealth and fame. He had come to Paris for that purpose, and was living there, on a very small allowance from his father, and trying to write a play. He did not succeed in writing one. He was a slow worker, and it generally took him a whole day to compose a couple of lines of verse. But the doors of theatrical society were opened a little way for him. He passed through them, tentatively and timorously, and fell in love with an actress—Mlle. Mélanie Guilbert, professionally known as Mlle. Louason.

Mélanie was a good girl, though an "unmarried mother," simple-minded, sentimental, and disinterested —*âme sensible*—who had not made her *début*, but was

* Stendhal Epicier. Plon-Nourrit, Paris. 12 frs.

still a student at the Conservatoire. She was obviously in love with the ambitious young man from Grenoble; and she must certainly have loved him "for himself alone," for though he was her superior in education and social status, he had neither wealth to pour into her lap nor influence with which to push her fortunes. Moreover, besides being poor, he was a fat, shy youth, far from sure of himself, and therefore slow to seize privileges which, as one can now easily perceive by reading the correspondence, might at any time have been his for the asking. He loved her at this stage, so to say, with respectful diffidence; and his love for her was by no means his only interest in life.

It hardly could be—he was too poor—so poor that he could not afford to call in a doctor when he was ill. More money was necessary to his comfort, as well as to his self-esteem. As he could not extract it from his father, he must earn it. As he could not see his way to earning it by dramatic authorship, he must earn it by going into trade, and so promote himself from the ranks of the "new poor" to those of the "new rich." The most profitable trade which he knew of was that of banking; and it was not impossible that his father, though he grudged him money for his personal expenses, would finance him in a serious enterprise of the kind. "I should very much like to become a banker," he wrote to his sister, Pauline.

A banker, however, needs not only capital, but also a knowledge of affairs. Stendhal had no such knowledge. How was he to acquire it?

A level-headed young friend of his, named Fortuné Mante, pointed out the way. Mante was going to Marseilles to become a grocer. Why should not Stendhal join him there and become a grocer, too? Mante's father, as well as Stendhal's father, had money. Why should not he and Mante go into partnership? Why should not grocery be for both of them a stage on the road to banking and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice? He turned the matter over in his mind and recorded his resolution in his diary:

My plans for making my fortune are as follows: To go to Marseilles next July and spend six months there, working with Mante.

Afterwards to spend another six months similarly at Bordeaux, four months at Nantes, and eight months at Antwerp, returning thence to Paris. My father must then lend me thirty or forty thousand francs, and we will establish the house of Mante Beyle and Company in 1807. I shall then be twenty-four.

He also confided his projects to his sister, saying: "In all probability, in ten years' time, our bank will be bringing in each of us an income of 15,000 francs a year." He added, as an additional claim on her sympathy: "I might give you a post in the bank, and you might be able to earn as much as 10,000 or 15,000 francs a year."

Stendhal caressed these plans for nearly two years before he took the first step towards executing them. Mélanie was not a party to them. She does not seem to have known anything about them. Stendhal had evidently resigned himself to the idea of separation from her. It was simply a question for him whether he should leave a mistress or merely a friend behind him; and it was while he was anxiously and timidly considering that question that Mélanie told him that Marseilles was her destination, as she had been offered an engagement at the Marseilles theatre, at a salary of 6,500 francs a year —the stipend, in those times, of a star of no inconsiderable magnitude. Whereupon he notes:

This is, indeed, a stroke of luck for me. I did not tell her that I had already made arrangements to go there. I told her that, if she went, I should throw up everything in Paris and follow her. I have no right to complain of my luck in small matters when it favours me to this extent in a matter of this importance.

He boasted to Mélanie, that is to say, that he was giving up Paris and dramatic authorship for her sake, whereas, in fact, he had been intending to give her up for the sake of a post as grocer's assistant at Marseilles. But he is technically correct in claiming to have "followed" her to that town. She got there first, because he was obliged by economic necessity to pay a preliminary visit to his family at Grenoble.

He was not, in the full sense of the word, her lover. He did not even know for certain whether she would ever allow him to become her lover, though she was urging him to make haste to join her, telling him that she

wanted him to hear her say over her parts, and so forth. But the level-headed Mante, who was in his confidence, reassured him. "Don't worry, you lucky idiot," he wrote to him. "Mélanie is in love with you. She is very much in love with you. I can guarantee you the love of Mélanie." And he further, like the practical man that he was, engaged Stendhal, with Mélanie's approval, a room in Mélanie's hotel—the room adjoining hers.

Such was the concatenation of circumstances through which Stendhal became, at one and the same time, a grocer's assistant at Marseilles and the lover of the leading lady in the principal theatre in the town.

But we must be fair to him. It is not true, as has been said, that he stood behind the counter in a white overall, chopping up loaf sugar, tying up parcels, and inquiring: "And the next article, madam?" His employers were not retail but wholesale grocers. His sphere of usefulness was not a shop but a counting-house. He did not stand, but sat on a three-legged stool at a desk, adding up figures, or copying interminable letters, with expressions of contempt for the pedestrian prose style of commerce. He also had to test the specific gravity of wines and spirits, and to tramp all over Marseilles, collecting the firm's debts—a terrible task that, for the weather was very hot and he was very fat. He wrote to Pauline about it, begging her to send him plenty of suitable underclothing. "The heat is so terrible," he told her, "that I am absolutely obliged to put on a clean shirt every day." But he made the best of things. "This experience of commercial life is very useful to me," he wrote. "It obliges me to put up with human stupidity for eight hours a day. I groan at it for the first two hours, and quietly observe it for the other six."

No doubt he bore the commercial burden the more lightly because the fortress had now fallen. Every night, after retiring, we are told, Mélanie used to tap discreetly on the wall of her apartment, as a signal to him that she was ready for him to join her there; so that he was able to think of grocery merely as a means of putting in the time in the intervals of love-making.

He was never over-worked, though he was occasionally

employed upon the manual task of rolling casks about in a warehouse. His employer treated him with the deference due to a young man of good family; and he had less and less work to do as the months passed. The grocery trade, already in a poor way, was going from bad to worse. The battle of Trafalgar made a great difference to it. The triumph of Austerlitz did not suffice to open the door which that unfortunate incident had closed. Nearly all the groceries consigned to Marseilles were intercepted by the British fleet. The Marseilles grocers —Pacifists to a man—were reduced to poverty. Most of the other tradesmen of the town were but little better off. Their employees, if not dismissed, ate their heads off in idleness; and Stendhal, though theoretically a grocer, had abundant leisure for love.

At first he was ecstatically happy. To love and be loved by an actress had been the dream of his youth; and Mélanie was not only an actress, but a star. "A beautiful soul" was another desideratum; and Mélanie possessed one—or, at all events, appeared to do so, being a fragile creature with large blue eyes, and tears in her voice. "Beautiful is not the word for it—it is sublime," he wrote to Pauline. He further sought to enlist Pauline's sympathy by telling her—what was not true—that he was the father of Mélanie's child; and he went on to build his castle in the air. Pauline was to marry Mante; and she and Mante and he and Mélanie and Mélanie's little girl were all to live together—each deriving an income of £600 a year from the bank which was yet to be founded.

Such was love's young dream. Pauline was sufficiently moved by her brother's eloquence to write Mélanie an affectionate letter. But the course of true love did not, after all, run smoothly for very long. There were various drawbacks; and Stendhal discovered fly after fly in the ointment of his satisfaction.

One cause of trouble was that his relations with Mélanie, though he could boast of them to his sister, could not be openly acknowledged at Marseilles. The flaunting of them would have been equally compromising to his position as a grocer's assistant, and to hers as a queen of the theatre. Public opinion expected grocers'

assistants to live serious lives, and queens of the theatre to find their admirers among the notables. At least four notables—a retired general officer, a highly-placed civil servant, and two captains of industry—were hovering round Mélanie, and laying their homage at her feet, when Stendhal arrived at Marseilles and established himself in the room adjoining hers.

Apparently they got no farther than hovering. Mélanie said so, and no evidence to the contrary is discoverable. But she could not afford to frighten them away by telling them that she had given her heart to the grocer's assistant. She had to be polite to them for the sake of their influence and protection; and the politeness of actresses in such circumstances is apt to assume a gushing character most disconcerting to those who consider that they have an exclusive claim upon their good graces. It seems to have done so in this case.

An ordinary grocer's assistant might not have minded. He might not have been hurt by the scornful patronage of the lady's wealthy admirers. His position as *amant de cœur* of an actress wooed by so many of his social superiors might have seemed to him the *ne plus ultra* of romance. But Stendhal was not an ordinary grocer's assistant. He was, or considered himself, a banker in the making; and he was quite as well born as his rivals, and better educated and cleverer. The only advantages over him which they enjoyed were those they owed to their greater age, their greater wealth, and their local status. So, instead of finding his position romantic, he felt it undignified, and began to tire of it.

And then—his second trouble—he began to have his doubts about that "beautiful soul."

The privileges of intimacy had dissipated certain illusions which he had cherished as long as he had been kept at arm's length. Mélanie, if we may judge her by her letters, was a very good girl, in spite of her lapses from chastity, and very fond of him; but she had neither genius nor the passion for romance with which he had credited her. She was not a great actress, nor even *grande amoureuse*. She was just a simple young woman of *bourgeois* tastes, with a superficial talent for recitation, who had strayed into a calling for which she was not

really fitted. Moreover, the tears in her voice reflected her outlook upon life. Melancholy had marked her for its own, making her, after a time, a dismal and dreary companion.

Moreover, she was stupid. She did not know the sort of things that Stendhal knew; she did not want to know them. She could not read the books that he read and discuss them with him. He tried to educate her, and found her irresponsive and bored. We find this significant note in his diary: "I am beginning to find Mélanie silly. I can recall thousands of indications of the poverty of her intelligence."

The end must have been near when he wrote that. Its approach was hastened by the circumstances of the time.

Theatrical business was in almost as bad a way at Marseilles as the grocery business. Merchants who could not sell their goods—or were prevented by the British fleet from obtaining goods to sell—could not afford to go to the play. The house was crowded, indeed, on the night on which the bulletin announcing the victory of Austerlitz was read from the stage; but on the next night, and on the succeeding nights, it was nearly empty. The ghost ceased to walk. An attempt to keep the theatre open on "sharing terms" was a lamentable failure. A strike of actors and actresses ensued. The mayor peremptorily ordered them to continue their representations without payment; but his order was ignored. Mélanie could no longer support herself at Marseilles. Stendhal had not the means of supporting her there. It became necessary for her to accept an engagement to play at Naples.

That was what brought matters to a head. Mélanie, though still in love with Stendhal, was obliged to leave him. He, being no longer in love with her, was indisposed to accompany or follow her. He could not, indeed, plead the prior claims of grocery upon his time and attention. He realized that there would be no money in grocery at Marseilles while the British fleet remained in the Mediterranean. But he had conceived another ambition. He was now aspiring to a post in the Government service. There were wires to be pulled; and his friends and

relatives were energetically pulling them on his behalf. He had reason to hope for a post in the commissariat department. Before long he had been offered one; and then his and Mélanie's paths in life definitely diverged.

It was a great blow to her. She had really loved him. She really loved him still. She sent him pathetic letters, begging him to join her at Naples. "Let us see presently," she wrote, "which of us can best take care of the other, and let us never separate again. Whatever our misfortunes, let us have the sweet consolation of being together." She also announced her intention of bequeathing all her property to him when she died; and she concluded: "Farewell, my dear, my dearest. Believe that I love you and shall continue to love you until the last day of my life." And then, in another letter:

> My heart tells me more than I wanted to know. You love me after the manner of a young man whose present conduct stands in no relation to his future destiny, and whose sole purpose is to spend his time as pleasantly as possible. And I flattered myself that you loved me as the companion of your life. I suppose you think me very silly.

Had he treated her badly? She certainly thought so, and some of his friends agreed with her; but there is something to be said on the other side. Mélanie, in any case, was no *ingénue*, though she seems to have had the heart of one. She must have known that, as an actress and an unmarried mother, the *bourgeoisie*—to which she knew that Stendhal belonged—would class her with "les femmes qu'on n'épouse pas"; and we must take it that she walked into the adventure with her eyes open, aware of its inevitable end, though not expecting it to end so soon. And it is quite certain that, if he had followed her to Naples—whether willingly or reluctantly—the concession to sentiment would have been an impediment to both their careers. He, with a second-rate actress hanging on to him, would never have obtained the advancement which he sought in the public service. She, with a lover of no importance dangling after her, would never have made the good marriage which she was destined to make. So we may take it that it was better for both of them that they should separate and be satisfied to look back upon the episode as an incident in their sentimental education.

That episode—begun in the sentimental spirit of a pupil of Rousseau, and concluded in the cynical spirit of an *arriviste*—had lasted only five months. Not long after it was over Stendhal had climbed to a high position in the commissariat service—the knowledge and experience which he had gained as a grocer's assistant being, no doubt, very useful to him—and was traversing Europe in Napoleon's train. But he had not forgotten it. In 1808 we find him writing to Pauline from Berlin:

> Four years ago I was at Paris, with only one pair of boots—and those had holes in them—without a fire, in the dead of winter, and often without a candle. Here I am a personage. The Germans address me as "Monseigneur," and important French people as "Monsieur l'intendant." The generals come to wait on me. But I was happier in Paris. If one could arrange one's life as one likes, as one places the pieces on the chessboard, I should like to be still learning elocution from Dugazon, and visiting Mélanie, with whom I was in love, in a frock-coat so shabby that it hurt me to wear it.

Mélanie meanwhile had become—or was just about to become—Mme. Barcoff, the wife of a Russian general. Believing her to be in Moscow, when the Grande Armée got there, Stendhal took steps to protect her from molestation, but learnt that she had fled for refuge to St. Petersburg. Expecting that she would reach Paris as a refugee, he wrote offering her the hospitality of his apartment there; but that letter was intercepted by the Cossacks. He did meet her in Paris, however, in 1813, when their relations were those of good friends, but no longer of lovers; and when, twenty years later, he passed his many love affairs in melancholy review, her name had a place of honour in his list.

"It is a question," he wrote, "whether the great passion of my life was my passion for Mélanie, for Alexandrine, for Métilde, or for Clémentine."

He would not, we may feel pretty sure, have cherished her memory in that way in middle-age if he had yielded to her entreaties and followed her to Naples in his youth.

Pascoe's Song

By Charles Lee

(Author of "Mr. Sampson")

ALL the evening in the inn-parlour our talk had been of moving accidents by road, of bullocks bemired and dog-carts upset in every variety of ale-ridden circumstance. Farmer Hicks now held our ears with a knotty yarn that promised to stretch well on to closing-time. The kitchen folk were essaying a carol; from the front, looking down the narrow passage that formed the bar, one had a glimpse of a harmonic circle of heads, diversely wagging under the stress of melody. "When Shepherds Watched" was the stave, to a tune of the ancient kind that rides rough-shod over the words, now dislocating their joints in an endless *roulade*, now rudely severing them altogether. In the bar, Mrs. Glanville, the fat landlady, sat dozing with clasped hands, oblivious of the double fusillade of song and story that hurtled about her ears.

"So down the road we went like fire, and singing like the wind," bawled Farmer Hicks, warming to his narrative.

"And this shall be—and this shall be a sign," warbled the kitchen, waving mugs in air.

The carol came to an end, paradoxically, with "Be-gin and neh—be-gin and ne-ver cease," and the handmaid of the inn tripped into the bar with a trayful of empty mugs. Still the tale went on, and involved itself in a mazy attempt to identify, to the clear comprehension of all present, the exact locality of the merry accident by which three jovial souls, a bay mare, and a stuffed owl in a glass case were precipitated into a mud-pool. The maze was threaded, and the owl had just been rescued, miraculously uninjured, when sounds of tumult arose at the back. A moment later, Pascoe Moyle emerged suddenly from the kitchen, stalked with difficult dignity into the parlour, and sat down.

"A glass with you, Mr. Strongman," said he.

Mr. Strongman didn't mind, and it was the same as before, my dear.

"Music and harmony," said Pascoe, "is controvertible terms, and the man that says else is a mule of

Moab. I've got the voice, and I've got the style, and I'll sing my song when I've the mind to, and not before, n'eet arter."

"You've the right," said Mr. Strongman. "And no time like the present, say I."

"'Tisn' no low pothouse song, mind that," said Pascoe. "I've a-sung that song in parish schoolrooms before magistrates, scores of times. Yes, and one of 'em was a Sir with white kids up to his hands, and 'a clapped them till they splet down the pa'ms, so they did. But I was younger then, nor I don't say my voice is equal to what 'a was; but I've got the style yet. Yes, I'll go so fur 's to say my style's better 'n ever."

"Shouldn' wonder," said Mr. Strongman. "Give us a taste of your style, then."

"A' old song," said Pascoe. "A terrible old song, but you can't wear en out. My father sung that song forty year on end, and passed it on to me 'pon his death-bed, fresh and fresh. I weep to think upon it. 'A stave of a' old song,' father used to say, 'and a noggin of old liquor, and the older they be the fresher they be, and nothing so proper to cheer a poor man's heart these shy times,' father 'ud say. Shy times they be, comrades. I'm a poor man myself, and know what 'tis to sarch for a meal in turnup fields, with the scarecrows looking scorn 'pon my rags. Where's my Sunday dinner?—tell me that."

"Get your gun and shoot a couple o' rabbits," said a voice from a corner.

"No, William. No to that, William. What rabbits I eat I pay for."

"That's very well," said William.

"I can afford to pay for the rabbits I eat, William."

"Nobody's saying you can't, Pascoe."

"I pay my way, William. Though I should run over ears in debt to do it, I pay my way so well as you or any other man."

"Better, p'raps."

"I an't saying so—mind that, William. I an't saying so, though I might. How are you so crotchety tonight, William? I can't think how you should be so teasy with your old chum. I wish I hadn' set foot in this

proud parlour. I've a terrible mind to go back. They'm glad to have me down yonder; they'm asking me to pitch my song down in the kitchen, William, in a friendly way and good fellows all; but you, William——"

"Oh, come now, pitch en in here instead."

"There 'tis! A teasier man I never met. But I scorn to bear a grudge. A patient man, comrades, and a meek man, but one that can hold on to his note longer than any gay roysterer in the parish, male or female. Do I boast? No: 'tis a gift."

"Come, titch up your song, Pascoe. I'll give 'e the note."

"No, you won't, William. I'd scorn to take a note from your mouth, or any other man's. For all the scores of times I've sung my song, no mortal can say I ever took a note out of his mouth. Honesty's the poor man's jewel, William, and I wonder at 'e, so I do. Keep your mouth for your liquor, William, and don't go insulting hon'rable poverty in your cups. My song begin with *See*, 'pon the longest note in the parish. I've got the lungs, and I've got the style, and there an't a man among 'e——"

Pascoe broke off, as a long-drawn, high-pitched "See-ee!" floated in from the back.

"My song!" he shrieked, and shot through the bar. Loud laughter was heard, and Pascoe's voice above it, like thunder over hail. Mrs. Glanville awoke, grumbled, and pushed the lower door to. The parlour chuckled and made comment.

"Pascoe's a good way along tonight."

"Half a gallon—that's his singing-mark, I reckon."

"How about fetching him back?"

"Don't mind if we do. Anything for a gamut, as they say. Now, William, hoot en up."

William opened a cavernous mouth, and bellowed forth:

"See-ee!"

The door crashed back, and with a wavering run Pascoe was upon us, having great wrath.

"Rogues in front and b-blaggurds behind! Where's the man—if he call himself a man? Show me the man. Old or young, married or single, I take off my coat to

that man; yes, and my waistcoat beside, and brave your scorn for my shirt, all rags and totters as 'tis."

A chair was dexterously thrust against the inner bend of Pascoe's knees, and he sat down heavily.

"I'm a single man myself," he remarked mournfully, "and so no lawful excuse for making a b-beast of myself with the drink. Once there was a maid—ah, a tender maid!—but she wouldn' so much as look upon me, nor I couldn' abide the sight of she, and so it ended. Yes, a single man all my life, and my own master, thanks be—live all alone in my little house; lock the door when I go out, and hide the kay, now here, now there, according as my cheerful fancy do run."

"Do 'e know where the key's to tonight, Pascoe?"

"Do I know where he's to, William? I know s-seventeen places where that kay's to, good fellows all. I give 'e the name, you see; the word's on my tongue, but my deep thoughts is hid from the sight of all. And the kay likeways. Good fellows all, and not one of 'e have got the dacency to ask me to pitch my song. But 'twill out. I feel en working; 'tis terrible within me. Comrades, the longest note in the parish!"

Pascoe emptied his glass, cleared his throat to the depths, squared his shoulders, thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, closed his eyes, tilted his chin to the ceiling, purged his face of all sublunary expression, awaited inspiration while you might count twenty, and gave voice:

"See-ee!"

"Too low, Pascoe."

"I'm a patient man. See-ee!"

"And that's too high, I reckon."

"A meek vessel, William. See-ee!"

"Pitched to a hair! Now, heave ahead."

"See-ee-ee! Ugh! Don't know how I come to catch this cold on my chest. Ayther 'twas through sleeping with my mouth open, or else 'twas drinking out of a damp cup. But cold or none, did 'e ever hear the like?—long and sweet, like treacle out of a jug. And the style! But there!—'tis the old saying, b'lieve: Pearls before swine—and d-drunken swine after that."

"Manners, Pascoe!"

"Manners, William? I've a smart answer to that. David's sow 'ud be a perfeck lady, if only David could larn her manners; but a dunkey's ear is more ornyment than use. There's my answer, William, smart and deep; make what you can of it. Yet will I sing, for sing I must. See-ee!"

The crazy clock in the bar jangled ten precipitate strokes. Mrs. Glanville roused herself.

"Time, gentlemen, please," she said.

"Time? What's Time? A snail crawling through t-tar; I scorn him. Time? Your eyes this way, gentlemen all, and judge 'twixt Time and Pascoe. Fifty-seven year old, come May month; sound as ever, wind and limb; prettiest cage of teeth in the parish, and never laid a toothbrush to 'em in my life, my solemn oath upon it. And what if this nose be ruddy? What then? Scores and scores of bright pounds have gone to the colouring of this nose, poor go-about tinkler though I be. There's noble lords that couldn' boast as much. See-ee!"

"Now, gentlemen, please," urged Mrs. Glanville. "William, take that holling, bawling faggot home-along."

"See-ee!" Ecstatic, self-entranced, Pascoe suffered himself to be led away. The longest note in the parish grew faint and died in the distance.

"But what *is* the song?" asked the stranger among us; and Farmer Hicks explained.

"'See Our Oars with Feathered Spray' is the song, or so 'tis supposed else; but nobody haven't heard more than that first note these many years. You see, Pascoe won't leave nobody else sing it, drunk or sober, nor he won't pitch to sing it himself, not till he's too far gone to sing at all. A good song, too, I shouldn' wonder, though one note an't much to go by, and that's all we've got, more's the pity. Plenty good songs going round, but I've a conceit that Pascoe's 'ud be the pick of the bunch, if only we could get at en."

"'Heard melodies are sweet,'" quoted the stranger, "'but those unheard Are sweeter.'"

"And that's as true a saying as ever was spit out," said Farmer Hicks.

Black Rifles

By Fitzurse

THE headquarters of the —th (Bananaland) Battalion, the Emperor's Ethiopian Rifles, are situated at Bao-Wao. Now the E.E.R. are administered by the Colonial Office, and the officials of that Department are notoriously a little hazy as to the exact position of outlying portions of the Empire. There is a hoary jest cherished in the mess of the Bananaland Battalion that a certain subaltern, on first appointment to the battalion, was directed to report himself at Miaou-Miaou, was pushed on board a P. and O. boat and landed at this obscure spot in Asia, whence a bewildered Consul-General and the incensed subaltern officer sent home urgent cables for further instructions!

Be that as it may, the generally accepted route is by Union Castle to Kilindini and thence by rail, lake steamer and motor-van to Bao-Wao. This at least is the one which the Bananaland authorities prefer their officers to follow, and as they are the men on the spot, it is possible that they may have reason.

Once safely arrived at Bao-Wao, the traveller will find himself in one of the prettiest stations in Africa. It is situated on a hill which has been cleared of elephant grass and planted instead with smooth, close-growing French grass. The road follows the curve of the hill up to the orderly room, and on the way can be seen, across the golf course, the mess surrounded by rose bushes and flowerbeds, while near by stand the bungalows of the C.O. and Second-in-Command. Further off lie officers' quarters and squash racket court.

At the top of the hill the van will stop at the orderly room, a white-walled bungalow with thatched roof. On the other side of the road is the tin guard room before which the askari (soldier) on sentry-go marches up and down. He is a well-set-up Nubi, barefooted, clad in blue puttees, khaki shorts, and a blue guernsey with leather shoulder patches, while on his shaven poll a red tarboosh with a black tassel is set. Armed with rifle and long sword-bayonet, he presents a martial figure to which the tribal marks cut on his cheeks add a touch of ferocity.

The remainder of the main guard sit easy on the guard room veranda, at the end of which hangs a big brass shell-case which is used as a gong on which to strike the hours. The orderly room bungalow also contains the C.O.'s

and the Adjutants' offices, and the clerks' offices where scions of the Goanese nobility tap typewriters and make out forms and returns. The visitor, having "made his number," will stroll across to the mess there to consume a cool drink until the members come in off duty. The mess is a long bungalow with a roomy veranda proofed with mosquito wire, and contains ante-room, messroom, and billiard-room. Kitchen and cook's quarters are built in rear. The billiard-room walls are covered with trophies presented by past and present members of the mess, and among them can be seen several records, for Bananaland is a sportsman's paradise and the members have unrivalled opportunities for shooting. On one occasion a couple of subalterns went off at dawn on their motor-bikes and were back to breakfast with an elephant apiece to their credit!

The garden in front of the mess is delightful, roses being the main theme, with a big pergola in the middle. At the side are beautifully kept tennis and croquet lawns, and beyond them the vivid scarlet stabs of hibiscus in the C.O.'s pretty compound catch the eye. Away in the distance is a panorama of green hills and valleys with here and there the brown smudge of a native village. Much material for an artist to work on does this beautiful land afford, and so far only Sir Harry Johnston has done it justice.

By the time the visitor has feasted his eyes, the inhabitants of this Eden will be trooping in to lunch. They are gallants in khaki drill jackets and shorts, wearing Wolseley helmets, with a gilt Arabic numeral on a green flash. The badges of rank on shoulder straps place them from lieutenant-colonel to full lieutenant, but these are only local ranks, and in their British regiments the Army List will show they vary from senior captains to middleweight lieutenants. They are typical officers of British Infantry, keen soldiers and sportsmen, and physically in the pink of condition. They relieve the monotony of peacetime regimental soldiering by coming out to the Emperor's Ethiopian Rifles for two tours each of thirty months' service with six months' leave after each. The pay they draw under the Colonial Office is considerably greater than their War Office pay, and they get invaluable experience in the handling of native troops, and the chance of active service on a

frontier "show," so that appointments to the E.E.R. are eagerly sought after.

The visitor will notice that the oldest of those present is well under forty, and the youngest is still in the early twenties. The seniors, by the ribbons on their jackets, have seen active service. The ribbonless others hope fervently for a "scrap" in Somaliland, Jubaland, or among the wild tribes on the Turkana or Abyssinian border, which will enable them to put up the coveted African General Service ribbon of black, yellow and green.

After lunch the visitor will gladly accept the Adjutant's invitation to be shown over cantonments. First to be seen is a miniature steeplechase course, known locally as the Mule Scurry, which is laid out behind the mess. It is a standing grief to the British officers of the battalion that it is impossible to keep horses alive in Bananaland for any length of time owing to horse-sickness which is contracted from the bites of the tsetse fly (*Glossina morsitans*). Horses have been imported from time to time, but all have sickened and died, even those that have been "salted" before arrival. Salting, which has proved successful in South Africa, has given no immunity here. For mounts, therefore, officers are reduced to mules, Abyssinian mostly, and the thick hide of these, or else their native truculence, defies the tsetse flies. They do not make bad mounts, though most are lethargic in pace and some vicious in temper; but others can be made to trot and canter and even jump well, and, after all, any mount is better than none. During the annual regimental cricket week a mule steeplechase is always held, and great is the sport and many are the losses. The favourite is just as likely to tuck in his toes and refuse to start at all as is a rank outsider to win in a hard canter while the field is "also running," or else busily engaged in bolting off the course or bucking jockeys off at the jumps. Amateur bookmakers bear their losses with the cheerful philosophy born of familiarity with mulish ways when a professional would resort to blasphemy and drink at such a Bedlamite Grand National! But, then, this is Central Africa and not Aintree.

For military purposes the mules are used as chargers by all the British officers on drill parades, on safari (march), and on service. Then they are docile and

tractable and will walk or amble for hours on end. They are very hardy, can live on any old thing in the way of fodder, and need a minimum of grooming from their saises (grooms). In fact, for strictly utilitarian purposes, they are more suitable than horses and considerably less expensive in purchase and upkeep.

Close to the steeplechase course is a squash racket court, and conveniently near to that stands the officers' quarters, a long, single-storeyed block on raised foundations where each officer has a bathroom, bedroom, and living-room, while behind it are the "boys'" quarters. Away to the left of the officers' quarters is a shady clearing used for physical training and bayonet fighting, where parallel bars and a vaulting horse are set up.

The next place to be visited is the hospital, dispensary, and M.O.'s office, where the R.A.M.C. officer attached as M.O. to the battalion reigns supreme. This building occupies the centre of the plateau on which the station is built. Near by are the quarters of the regimental-sergeant-major, always an experienced N.C.O. from a British rifle regiment, through whose hands all the recruits are passed, and whose capacity for turning the most raw and woolly native into a smart rifleman never fails. His own soldierliness, patience and firmness, coupled with an amazing mixed vocabulary of Nilotic Arabic and Swahili happily blending exhortation, encouragement, ridicule and ferocity, achieve the successful result.

Then comes the parade ground, also used as recreation ground, hockey field, and—with matting laid down—as a cricket field. The battalion can be relied upon to turn out a good cricket team (if too many officers are not away on detachment duty), for several will have played for Sandhurst, and one or two are sure to wear the red-and-yellow sash of the M.C.C. The annual cricket week always provides a keen match with the civilian headquarters team from Port Alice.

Beyond the parade ground is the rifle range, where many weary hours under the burning sun are spent by company officers with their platoons. The African askari (soldier) is not a natural shot, though with patience he can be taught to shoot quite adequately. What he really likes is cold steel, and with bayonet or *machète* he is a very ugly customer to tackle. To these weapons he

takes like a duck to water, but at the rifle he has to labour, and the time spent on the ranges tans the complexion of the British officers to "a rich, ripe, saddle colour," in the words of Kipling.

These Black Riflemen are born soldiers and bonny fighters of splendid physique and the keenest eyesight. Courageous and fierce as lions, jungle warfare has no terrors for them, and open warfare they love, while they are also excellent scouts. At drill they are smart and carry out exercises and manœuvres with snap and precision, and their steadiness on ceremonial parade is really wonderful. It requires much practice and control to keep the bobbing tassels of some hundreds of tarbooshes absolutely motionless when the battalion is "steady." But it is done. A drill-sergeant of the Foot Guards would have a revelation if he could see the battalion at the annual inspection parade held by the Inspector-General.

The lines where these warriors live are laid out below the brim of the plateau to the right of the parade ground and are arranged by companies. Round mud huts with whitewashed walls and reed-thatched roofs, in shape they are rather like large editions of old-fashioned beehives seen in cottage gardens at home. In each, one warrior lives with his wife or wives. The ladies do the cooking, prepare the food, draw water, sew and wash their lords' garments, keep the huts clean and tidy, and are responsible for the neatness of the lines. Their lords keep them up to their household duties, and the company-sergeant-major's wife sees to it that their public duties are properly carried out. The native effendis (officers) live in oblong huts built of the same materials, but their dwellings are set slightly apart from their men's in little enclosures partitioned off by kizikati (bamboo) fencing. The effendis are Sudanese veterans who have seen service in the Sudan, in British and German East Africa, and in Somaliland and Bananaland; so they wear many decorations and medals.

The senior has a major's crown on his shoulder straps, speaks English when he cares to, and has been guide, philosopher, and friend to many C.O.'s and company officers in succession. The other effendis wear captain's or lieutenant's stars. All are addressed as "Effendi"—e.g. Ali Effendi, Mahomed Effendi, or whatever their

names may be. Their official positions can roughly be described as those of permanent native officers to the battalion. For whereas British officers go when their periods of service expire, the native officers remain so long as their health and efficiency last. Roughly speaking, the interior economy of the companies is run through them, for what they do not know of the habits, customs, peculiarities, and private and tribal life of the rank and file is not worth knowing. Through long service they have acquired an intimate knowledge of the country, the tribes living there, and all the arts and crafts of native warfare, together with the achievements, traditions, and duties of the battalion, and with zealous care they see that the rank and file live up to these.

Of the rank and file, some are Sudanese proper, but most are (what are locally called) Nubis, i.e. natives whose Sudanese forbears have married non-Sudanese wives, and who have but diluted Sudanese blood in their veins; or else they are natives belonging to those riverine tribes who live in the country adjacent to the Nile between Lake Albert and the Sudan border, and are akin to the tribes of the Sudan. Both types are thick-set, well-built negroes imbued with a strong martial spirit. Truculent, but loyal and amenable to discipline, their officers say they make the best fighting material in Africa. They are not handsome, their typical negro features are disfigured by tribal cuts and markings, and they shave their polls. But the Nubi askari, whether in undress kit of blue guernsey and red tarboosh, or in fighting kit with khaki jacket and round khaki cap and sun-flap, is none the less a fine figure of a man.

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male," uglier, with the same tribal markings, but instead of their polls being shaved they gather the hair into little fore and aft ridges and furrows like ploughed fields. The ends are gathered into a fringe of short pigtails at the back of their necks. They are more quarrelsome than their men folk, and it is not an unknown thing for the sergeant-major's wife to have to restore order in the lines with a kurbash (hippo hide whip) when two or three clawing, spitting bints (women) have an animated discussion. They are also more truculent than their men; a terrible scene was once witnessed at an investiture. The battalion had been on active service away from Banana-

land. The details of the campaign are of no matter. Enough to say it was one of those affairs, so dear to the Radical mind or the Socialist lack of conscience, which opens with bluster and ends in scuttle—disastrous to friendly tribes and British prestige, and infuriating to the troops engaged in such futility. Be that as it may. Medals and bars were in due course received at headquarters for presentation to the survivors of the operations and the next of kin of the fallen. The battalion was paraded in review order and His Excellency the Governor with his own fair hands decorated the brave. To those not already in possession of the African General Service Medal, this silver medal and its ribbon were awarded according to the regulations. To those already in possession of this medal, a silver bar only was awarded for the operations, also according to the regulations. Officers and men in turn stepped forward and either had the medal pinned on their breasts by H.E., or were handed by him the bar for subsequent attachment to the medal and ribbon they already possessed. Then were led up the next of kin of the fallen, wives in most cases, though sometimes old fathers or mothers. To these in turn H.E. handed medals or bars with sympathetic tribute. An elderly crone, the widow of a fine N.C.O. who had been killed, was led up. Her husband had been already in possession of the medal, and a bar only was therefore her due, which was presented to her. At this she demurred, and with grief-chastened pride claimed a *medal* instead. The facts were tactfully explained to her. She would have none of the explanation; turning the bar over scornfully in her hand, she protested that the wives of privates So-and-so had received medals and why should she be fobbed off with a paltry bar? The senior native effendi was called on to enlighten her as to the niceties of the regulations on the point. Not a bit of it; she would have no logic chopping, a medal she wanted and a medal she would have! Authority proving adamant, she broke into a volley of abuse and denunciation, stamped, screamed, tore her leso (coloured garment worn by women), and, finally, to the consternation of the assembly, she flung the offending bar full into the face of His scandalized Excellency! Out of the Presence she was hurriedly hustled. What His Excellency's views were as to the regulations, and this exhibition of *lèse majesté*, are known only to his

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A.D.C. and to the Commanding Officer (the dignity of Colonial Governors varies according to their sense of humour !). So much for the Wanubi.

Of other tribes represented by the Force, next in order and in quality come Swahilis from the coast. Taller and less thick-set than the Nubis and more intelligent, they also make good soldiers, though they are not supposed to possess the same staying power or *élan*, but they have Arab blood in their veins and come of good fighting stock. As might be expected, they are Mohammedans, though not the strictest followers of the true faith. They are good scouts and trackers and good boatmen, being particularly useful in this last capacity when operations include river or lake work.

Then there are Baganda from the kingdom of Buganda. They are the most civilized and intelligent of all the African negro tribes. They are the least ugly, and have the best manners. In their kingdom they are ruled by their Kabaka (king) and their Lukiko (native parliament), the king being advised by his Prime Minister and certain high officials of State. By nature they are a pagan race, peaceable and agricultural, but missionaries have made more converts to Christianity from the Baganda than from any other African race, and in spite or because of this they have of recent years taken readily to soldiering. They make smart askaris and good shots; they proved themselves during the East African campaign, and their percentage of recruits steadily increases.

The men supplied by the other tribes represented in the battalion, Wanyamwezi, Sabai, Nandi, etc., are too few to need detailed mention.

As has been said, headquarters of the battalion are at Bao-Wao. Here the recruits come on first joining and are turned into the finished article. Here the main body of the battalion is always quartered. Hence it issues as a compact force on active service, and hither it returns to lick its wounds and to put up its trophies. Hence it sends out detachments and expeditions. Here, as has been shown, it does its full training and has its home life and recreations.

But there are variations to this life. Other and smaller stations are scattered throughout the Protectorate where companies or smaller bodies of the battalion are sent on detachment duty. These stations are naturally

in outlying districts, those that are the least administered: west towards the Congo border, north and east towards the Sudan and Abyssinia. Here life is dull, only relieved by such big game shooting as may be obtainable, or such turbulence as the local tribes may show when the craving for a cattle raid proves irresistible and lures the menfolk from the paths of peace and discretion. Or there may be outpost duty in still wilder and quite unadministered areas, where a watch has to be kept on fierce tribes simmering with long-standing feuds like the Dodinga and Karamoja; or again, there may be border duty, when native intelligence has brought the khabar (news) that a foray may be expected from across the border. Sometimes a Boundary Commission is set up and pursues its leisurely *safari* (travelling) with months of discussion and survey, and with the Commission there is always for escort duty a detachment who spend a pleasant life amid new country and peoples, with lots of opportunity for shooting.

There are times when detachments go on punitive expeditions to quell the ardour of warring tribes, or when the battalion as a whole goes on active service beyond the confines of the Protectorate to take part in operations on a larger scale or in a campaign. Then excitement, experience, honour, and scars are fully gained, and thereafter the pleasant life of headquarters is the sweeter and existence on detachment duty less dull. A gourmet looks forward to a hot curry, but his palate appreciates a mango as dessert.

As regards the war, the deeds of the E.E.R. need no specific reference. Locally, the ribbons on the chests of "files upon parade" speak for themselves. But, in greater and wider honour, is not a most exalted personage now their Colonel-in-Chief? And have they not also gained the privilege, unique among rifle regiments, of carrying colours? No more need be said.

Such is the life, and such are the Rifles who never lack applicants to join them and share it. The visitor, on his departure from Bao-Wao, will have acquired an insight into the life of this self-contained community to which he will desire to pay full tribute. The E.E.R. are not well known, for they, like the Silent Navy, neither "bukh" about themselves, nor advertise; but those who do know them honour them as "first-class fighting men."

Deadman's Hurst

By L. Slingsby Bethell

THERE is a Sussex combe where the grass has been cropped short by generations of sheep and over which curl the salt winds of the Channel. Here the dominant spirit of the landscape is solitude—solitude and abiding peace. Sometimes the tinkle of a sheep-bell is heard far away in the valley, or else the low, hollow note of a distant Down church is borne faintly on the air. Your fellow-traveller in these untrodden spaces is a rustling, ever-present wind, heavy with shadows and sighs and with the company of old, long-forgotten voices.

I had toiled up a long slope and now stood taking a deep breath at the top of the combe. The sun was sinking in the west, and a wild sky was streaked with bars of orange. I was in the midst of a strange and absolute stillness; there was no sound except for a little moan in the wind as it hurried by.

But, as it seemed, I was not entirely alone. Outlined against the yellow wings of the sunset, upon the crest of another rolling down, was a black patch. I strained my eyes to make it out, and drawing a little nearer I saw an uptilted cart, a sorry-looking horse and two or three figures camping on the lee side of their improvised shelter. I mounted up on the same ridge and made my way towards them. I was curious to know what class of vagrants were these who courted the bleak inhospitality of the downland.

They were a man, a woman of uncertain age, and a young girl. They showed no astonishment at my sudden appearance, but still crouched huddled together under their cart. The man did not even look up: he went on muttering to himself in a low voice. The woman, however, was frankly curious. She glanced at me at first shrinkingly, but then plucked up courage to smile boldly. There was something pathetic in her unabashed poverty and disarray. On the other hand, the girl glowered sullenly and began trying to coax a small fire into flame. She was apparently making ready for the evening meal.

The woman turned with a gesture, half rough and half kindly, to the man at her side.

"Pull yourself together, Will, and say something to the parson gentleman."

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"I don't rightly know, sir. His head do be a bit turned, and he wanders in his talkin', but he is a good man to me."

It was strange to hear the note of affection creep into her voice. What chance had flung together this flotsam and jetsam of humanity to brave together hungry days and the buffets of misfortune? What history lurked in the corners of those tired souls whose home was a cart, whose hearth was a handful of sticks gathered under a hedgerow, and whose only comrades were wind and unceremonious weather?

The man glanced at me a thought more curiously; he stood up and laid his hand almost humbly upon my arm. His eyes were almost sane and they looked at me steadily and did not rove about the down as they had done a few moments before, but there was still a hint of tension in his bearing. At first I could not fathom exactly what it was. Suddenly it struck me. He was listening intently.

"Look behind you, sir, away at the bottom of the down. That's Deadman's Hurst. And did you 'ear that noise? That'll be a fox barkin' . . . or perhaps 'tis the soul of a dead man runnin' about in the body of a fox, laughin' to make one feared. Or perhaps it'll be the dukkerin' dook. . . . You know what be the dukkerin' dook?"

"I don't know that I do," I replied. "Isn't it some gipsy spirit?"

"That'll be it. It's a spirit that hunts and chases . . ."

The man's constant attitude of tension somehow got upon my nerves, until I, too, found myself listening acutely. The only sounds that I heard were that of the gipsies' horse cropping the grass close by and the faint crackle of their fire. I began to feel in my pocket for a few coins with which to sweeten my departure. Their company made me vaguely uneasy. The man caught me by the arm and looked at me earnestly.

"I'm goin' to tell you somethin', you bein' a parson gentleman that won't never give me away."

At the same time the woman laid a claw-like hand upon my other arm, speaking hurriedly and in a nervous way.

"Don't you listen to poor Will; 'e ain't got nothin' sensible to tell yer; all wanderin's in his brain."

The man took no notice of the interruption, but went on talking.

"Have you ever seen a Bow Street Runner? A runner with a scarlet waistcoat what travels night and day nor rests nor breaks bread nor sips water. Jest the Runners . . . the scarlet-bellies from Bow Street?. . . . Ah! you think there ain't none nowadays because you haven't seen one. Pretty hangmen they are. They'll wait for a man, they'll chase a man, they'll follow a man, they'll trick a man, and they'll take a man . . . after years, maybe, but they never lose the patteran. That's the trail of a man.

"My grandfather was Gipsy Will o' Windsor. He ran after the Prince's carriage and turned somersets when the Prince went down to Brighton or Newmarket. And the Prince o' Wales he threw him a guinea; he did that many a time. George he were, who had the palace down at Brighton. Now my grandfather, he took a horse or two when he was young, and one day he cut a purse in Cheapside and the runners were after him, so he made for the water. And there was one runner that never left him; he was allus a mile or so behind my grandfather. My grandfather was a well-known man, what with 'is somersets and his backsword and quarter-staff, so he didn't have no rest, but was for allus movin' on and movin' on."

The gipsy paused and listened, his hand sheltering his ear from the wind, and then he went on again:

"My grandfather used to say to my father that was along with him that this scarlet-belly was the dukkerin' dook, and that he had a spite on him; that one day, as sure as a hare has long ears, he would be cotched and taken away. And so it was. They cotched him when a wench made him drunk in Gloster town and he began boastin'. So they took 'un away to Winchester Jail,

and they hanged him for stealin' a roan-coloured horse and for cuttin' a purse in Cheapside. That's how they finished my grandfather."

"'Eard 'im tell this story many a time," mumbled the ragged woman. "But no good will ever come out of it."

The gipsy did not seem to notice the interruption, so keen was he upon telling his tale. He told it vividly and with passion. When he paused, he would listen with that uncanny strained attention which perplexed me so much. In one of these pauses the woman whispered to me: "He has been doin' that for years." He took up the thread of his tale again:

"Then there was my father. He had a sight o' money once, and he buried it under a tree somewhere about here in Sussex. Then the narks took him and put him into Lewes Jail for a long stretch, and when he gets out again he goes to his tree and he finds the yellow-boys had been dug up and taken away. Now there was only one chap as suspicioned where my father had hidden his money, and that was my father's brother, Jack Lee. So my father was naterally annoyed, and he went to Jack Lee, and he hit 'un through the back of the head with a spade: so he died. My father was naterally very worked up about that money. Arter that they were out arter my father, and he had to keep pretty well on the move.

"Time arter time my father would say to me, 'Will, that scarlet-belly that cotched my dad is arter me, and some day, when I gets careless or when I gets tired and don't keep movin' and movin', he'll cotch me too. They may tell you, Will, that the Bow Street Runners has been done away with, but I tell you there is one as never died. Like my old father would say, he's the dukkerin' dook. I never seen him, Will, but I hear him. Sometimes I put my ear to the ground and I 'ear 'im walkin', slip-slop, slip-slop; sometimes I 'ear 'im trottin' on horseback. And, Will, my son, I can't never keep still. When your turn comes, don't you never keep still.'

"That's what my father, Donelly Lee, would tell me, and, like a foolish fellow, I would laugh at him, thinking, mebbe, that he was a bit doited with all his troubles and with losin' all that money. I don't now. You see, I know it's true.

"Perhaps you, bein' a parson gentleman, don't know about these 'ere Bow Street Runners. They was a quiet band of police fellers, only much cleverer than the ornary policeman. Ornary policemen are only big country fellows, and they never do you no harm 'cept to move you on or kick your kettle over, mebbe. Us Lees, bein' gipsies, knows 'em well and all their little games. Big rumbledown country fellows they are, but the Bow Street Runners are wiry never-be-beaten bucks.

"They'll follow you at night and they'll follow you at day, and they'll trot along the little lanes on the grassy side so that none can hear the pad-pad of their feet, and nobody never sees them go. Yes, and they carry their noses twisty-wise, as my old grandfather used to say, because in that way they can smell blood. Blood's what they follow. They are just like big dog ferrets, runnin' and twistin' in ways where no one ever sees them pass. That's what they are, big dog ferrets, ever nosin' for blood."

Will Lee spoke with a terrible impressiveness. There was evidently some fierce fact that beat and thundered in the base of his brain, and caused a state of tension, wild looks and still wilder words. I was fascinated by the nascent horror of his story and by the vague suggestion of some creeping peril which brooded over this queer family. Moreover, the woman had now abandoned herself to thoughts of terror and rocked herself to and fro, moaning occasionally and covering her eyes with her hand. The girl had slipped away, and I caught a glimpse of her entering the hurst, probably in search of some more faggots. The sun was setting and an evening chill breathed over the Downs. I shivered slightly. Gipsy Will went on with his story:

"There was one famous runner. Barker was 'is name, and it was him as got my grandfather. I was at Brough Hill Fair when I heard the news about my father. My father had been taken—taken while he was asleep under a hayrick. You see, he hadn't been keepin' on the move. . . . The Bow Street Runner had caught up with him. Well, they took him away and they shut him up in Winchester Jail, and then he was tried for murder and sentenced to be hung. Hung he was, in

that same Winchester Jail where my grandfather had been throttled. Joey Morton, him what buys the rough colts from Galloway, read it to me all out o' the paper, 'cause I can't read. And at the end he read out that Inspector Barker was congratulated by the judge on his clever followin' up of the murder. What do you think of that, now?"

"Mightn't he have been another man of the same name?" I hazarded.

"It was the same man, Barker, the Bow Street Runner. That very night I had a dream as I were lyin' under my caravan. I dreamed that my poor father came to see me with his neck all twisted and his tongue hanging out, and he said to me: 'Will, it wasn't murder. I was naterally annoyed. But the scarlet-belly got me at last, and he'll get you too, Will, if you don't keep movin' and movin'. Don't you stop, Will. Don't you camp twice on the same ground. And if you put your ear to the ground you'll hear him, Will; you'll hear the slip-slop of his feet or else the thuddin' of his horse's 'oofs.'

"Bein' a youngster I didn't remark it much at the time, but arterwards I minded me of his words. 'Cause then I thought to myself: ''Taint true; no man can go on livin' for ever, not even a scarlet-belly.' But now I knows that he never dies. 'Twas he who led me the way I went, who led my father and my grandfather, too. He's the dukkerin' dook of the Lees, and he follows the Lees and cotches the Lees and kills the Lees, and puts 'em away in a hole and covers 'em up with lime. And he's comin' arter me. Night and day, night and day I hear his footsteps, and one day he'll cotch me."

His voice broke in a half-suppressed scream. The woman moaned and the wind moaned, too, as if it were laden with a prescience of dread.

"Then years ago I went mad with jealousy over Patience here. Young Loverin Stanley was arter her, too, and many a bitter word would Loverin and I say to one another, and many a bitter thing we done. Patience here was as desirable a mort as ever stepped, though you wouldn't think it to see her now. But there, I've fair wore her out, I've fair wore her out."

"That you 'ave," said the woman, quietly and bitterly.

"Well, a word come to a blow, and we had a long set-to, Loverin and I, one night in camp, until they broke us apart. Arter that there was bad feeling atween us. Patience, here, was as difficult a girl as ever lived. She'd change her mind as quick as a rabbit can twick its ears. One day 'twas Will, t'other 'twas nought but Loverin. She had us fair mazed with jealousy and greed. I reckon 'twas that dukkerin' dook whisperin' in her ear.

"One night when there was a shiny moon as big as one of them bright sixpences which Irish Mike used to make down in Wandsworth, I did him in. This is how it was. I came round the corner of one of our vans—we was campin' at the time down in the New Forest—when I sees Loverin and Patience here talkin' nigh a big tree. All on a sudden he slips his arm round 'er two or three times, she takin' his kisses and droppin' her head 'pon his shoulder. That made me mad.

" 'I'll teach your lips to kiss,' I said to myself.

"In a while Patience went off to 'er father's van, arter a deal o' sweetnesses and kissing. Loverin stood a little while leanin' against his tree; a spell arter that he turns and walks away whistlin' through the forest. I walked arter him too, treadin' like a greyhound and not makin' a breath of noise, 'cept when I whistled through my teeth the same tune as he was whistlin' of.

" 'Wait until the whistle dies in your throat,' I says to myself.

"We came on a cleared space, on the edge of which was a rough fencing of wood which ran alongside of the high road. Along the bottom of the fence there was a little runnin' brook where I'd gone many a time to gather grasses and watercresses. I was close behind him now, and the idea came to me as I saw the brook. In one jump, as he was puttin' his leg over the wood rail, I was on 'im, cotchin' 'un by the back of the neck. On the nape of his neck I clung like a terrier, and we fell, both of us cursing and fighting, into the little brook, which thereabouts run a couple of feet deep; and he was under me.

"He struggled about and he flopped about just like a big trout, so it seemed, but I held him there. I don't know how long I held him there. It might have been

hours and it might have been minutes. Somehow I suddenly seemed to notice that he was quite still, and I knew that he was dead. I turned 'im over, and the shiny moon fell full on his face. His eyes were all wet and muddy, and he was girning terribly. And his mouth, too, was full of watercresses. He shouldn't have made me angry; he should have reckoned that the dukkerin' dook would have been too strong for me. I thought o' the dukkerin' dook, and I thought of that famous Bow Street Runner that had caught my father and grandfather, and I thought of my poor father's words which he said to me in the dream. So I stooped down and laid my ear to the ground. . . .

"I 'eard 'im. I 'eard faraway and hushed footsteps, slip-slop, slip-slop. He 'ad started. I knew that I must get up and be goin', and I got up, climbed on to the road, and went away. I 'ave never stopped since, and that was nineteen years ago.

"Patience and her young sister come to me arter a while. We met again at Fairlop in the Forest, and we been together ever since. She's been good to me, Patience 'as, though I had to sell my van and though we couldn't never keep still. We've been in the fenlands, and in the broads of Norfolk, and in the Welsh hills around Snowdon and Capel Curig. Often and often when I was takin' a friendly glass at an inn, I've 'eard the door creak and I've glanced over my shoulder in a fair muck-sweat of terror.

"Nothing can stop 'im, nor mountains nor waters nor barbed wire nor fearsome dykes and ditches. Sometimes I'd take a mind to end it all, but then I goes on over the roads and up the hills just to spite 'un. It's terrible queer, but I dare not walk in a wood these days, for fear of seein' Loverin sittin' astride a branch, or mebbe runnin' about in the body of a fox and laughin' at me. 'Twas in a wood where I killed him, and it's in a wood where he'll bide until his soul wears away and becomes a pitiful little wind. Sometimes I a'most hear him, specially when I be bidin' near a wood, whistlin' and laughin' at me. 'You'll have to swing, Willy,' he whistles. 'Willy, you'll have to swing.' I 'eard 'im a little while ago, whistlin' down in the corner of yonder Deadman's Hurst."

"Perhaps it was the wind," said I.

"One day when I was standin' on Ditchling Beacon, my poor father came and spoke to me, riding on the wind. They swung up 'is body on a cord, and his spirit was clipped away on the wind. All the spirits of the hanged ride on winds, like as if 'twere great horses. Should you ever meet with Barker, don't you never tell him that you have seen me. Don't you never tell him, my gentleman. I can 'ear 'im close upon me now to-night."

His tale was ended, and now his voice died away into a mutter while his eyes flickered incessantly. I looked into the frightened eyes of the woman, and once more began to feel in my pockets for money.

. . . . . .

I left them reluctantly, but I remembered that Cain, too, was a wanderer, and I felt that Will Lee must work out his own destiny.

The shadows were falling fast. As I trudged down the combe, I was still thinking. There was a new note in the rush and whistle of the wind as it hurried by, a surging note of menace and again a whimper of fear.

I had reached the long whale-back which sloped gently into Houndsdean Bottom, when I was startled to hear the faint clip-clopping of a horse's hoofs upon the grass. Turning swiftly round, I looked upward at the top of the combe.

No longer could I see the uptilted cart and the three figures crouched around the camp fire. But along the ridge of the down a horseman was moving at a stealthy trot. As the sun gathered together its last rays before setting, a shaft of light fell plainly upon the rider, and, with a thrill of amazement, I saw clearly a gleam of scarlet. In another moment he had vanished over the brow of the hill.

It could only have been a hunting man who had lost the hounds, making his way homeward on a tired hack. Yet, overmastered by the spell of the whispering wind, I turned once more and climbed to the top of the ridge. Up there I paused and looked around me over the bare shadowed downland. But the lonely rider and the gipsies were nowhere on the weald.

The King and the Bee

(Suggested by the Sanskrit Vikramorvasi of Kalidasa.)

By Douglas Grant Duff Ainslie

(The King is seeking the exquisite lost Urvashi and asking trees, flowers, and bees if any of them has seen her. The bee has not tasted the fragrance of her mouth.)

O Bee,
Did you see
Her who is very dear to me?
Urvashi her name,
From the mountains of Kashmere she came:
By the blue
Throat of Siva, tell me true.
No, no, no, you have not seen
My Queen,
Else you would not float thus
About this lotus.

The Constant Mistress

By Enid Clay

The day a wanton is—she flaunts
Her beauty to the eager air;
And to a thousand glancing eyes
Unfolds her treasure rare.

But night a constant mistress is—
Tender and true and secret she;
She gives her moon for my desire,
She lights her stars to comfort me.

The fretful glory of the day
That strove for mastery shall cease:—
Night folds us to her beating heart;
And where she lays her hand is peace.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The New Warfare

"Did you go to the lecture, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle.

"I did that," said Sergeant Murphy. "And I'm willin' to say that it was one of the most insthructive discourses I've ever listened to."

"What does it mean—this new warfare?"

"What doesn't it mean, Heddle? Answer me that. It means that all that you and I picked up on the Somme isn't the ABC of fightin' as it's goin' to be. A bayonet in the next war, except for openin' tins of bully, will be about as useful as a sore thumb in a boxin' match. Rifles will be carried on the person for salutin' purposes only. Machine-guns and tanks will be still used, but only for frontier warfare agen coloured races—what you might call frindly matches where the winners gain no points. Field artillery will disappear and horse artillery be retained only for musical rides at military tattoos."

"There'll be nothing left," said Heddle.

"Not much, except the chemists," said the Sergeant. "Thim and the lads that fly the aeroplanes will be the whole Army, horse, foot, and artillery.

"Whin I say chemists, Heddle, I don't mean the fellows at the corner shop where you buy your bottle of Quakko, the Worruld's Great Restorer. I mean skimpy little min, with big bald foreheads, and heavy powered glasses—you could take the floor with anny three of thim with wan hand tied behind your back."

"Chaps that make gas bombs and what not, Sar'nt?"

"You may well say 'what not.' The phosgene and musthard gas that used to be in the day's ration round Ypres will be like sweet lavender to the stuff they're goin' to dish out in the next scrap. There's gas, Heddle, that'll go through anny gas mask like a hot knife through butter. There's gas that flows like wather and goes searchin' in and out of dug-outs and bomb-proof shelters.

There's gas like that chewin' gum in the advertisements. The flavour lingers for days wherever it's been spread and is still wan hundhred per cent. deadly. There's bombs that'll set half a town on fire in a few minutes. There's bombs that'll release germs of every kind of disease from scarlatina to painter's colic. If there's anny other form of divilment that a weapon can inflict and that chemists have forgotten, they'll be obliged if anny wan will mintion it. They want your custom and they're out to give maximum service.

"Why, the fellah that was lecturin' last night held out the hope—he didn't want to be too confident—that before long they'd be able to burst the atom and have a weapon that 'ud wipe a whole counthry off the map. A kind of 'Up Guards and Atom,' so to speak."

"They're goin' to have a job gettin' recruits for the Army," interposed Heddle.

"That's where you're wrong, Heddle," replied the Sergeant. "The Army will be the only safe place in the next war. The theery now is that the civilian population is the wan to go for. If you wipe out the civilian population, the Army is bound to surrender because there'll be nobody to make the jam and the bully and the dog biscuit without which war is unthinkable. What Army is goin' to fight for England, Home and Beauty whin there's nothin' of thim left? So all the bombs and poison gas shells is goin' to be sint be aeroplanes carriage forward, to the inimy's towns and villages, passin' harmlessly over the heads of the Army, who'll be watchin' thim go by and then resume their game of 'House' or, in case there's no senior N.C.O. about, 'Crown and Anchor.' Every day the C.-in-C. will study the casualty lists from the home front and will compare thim with the estimated loss in man, woman, and child power on the inimy's side. And whin wan side sees that its civilian services are no longer capable of mannin' the home thrinches, they'll ask for an armstice and the war'll be over.

"No, Heddle, as I see it, in the next war we'll have to appeal for civilians—'Your King and Counthry need you.' And if they don't roll up, we'll have to use conscription."

Immortal *versus* Entrepreneur

By Horace Shipp

Macbeth (in modern dress). (Court Theatre.)
The Dance of Death. By August Strindberg. (Apollo.)

As an apologist for the earlier experiment of producing *Hamlet* in modern dress, I can claim at least to have approached the Court Theatre with an open mind. The violent Shakespeareans who thought of their master as butchered to make a showman's holiday, the sticklers for something called "the tradition" of Shakespeare, the sacrosanctists, and "neither-jot-nor-tittle-ists" generally could not claim me. It may be that years of research under the professorial eye of that great Shakespearean, Sir Israel Gollancz, make one a little doubtful as to the authenticity of the jots and the exact authorship of the tittles; it may be that some knowledge of the evolution of the English stage casts doubts upon the tradition. That in which *Macbeth* was written would have been, in fact, "modern dress" of the Elizabethan period. To adhere strictly to it a number of us would invade the stage, and place stools inconveniently near the actors' feet; and the scenery would consist of words on a board. If we depart from that, we are free to plump for the eighteenth-century tradition and act it in bustles and ruffles, the nineteenth century of melodrama, the nineties of naturalism, or the twentieth-century expressionism. The one traditional thing about the Shakespearean tradition is that it continually changes. The enthusiasts for it are usually thinking of the penultimate version in the series; and we have to remember that the first time an actress playing Desdemona wore a nightdress on the stage (instead of going to bed in a headdress of fashionable feathers), she was nearly lynched in the name of the tradition.

All this is to prove that by nature and some slight erudition I was ready to be convinced by *Macbeth* in a macintosh, as a prelude to saying that I was not. *Hamlet* is another story. Hamlet belongs by temperament to post-war Europe; he is frequently quoted, I am told, to "prove" psycho-analysis; he has complexes and reactions and a preoccupation with the subconscious beloved in

the more expensive consulting rooms of Harley Street. With such a modernist, light would be thrown upon the creation by a modernist production despite the inevitable anachronisms. Only when the drama ceased to be a drama of inaction and became one of action did the anachronisms jar seriously.

But *Macbeth* is in nowise modern. Its movement does not accord with our times, nor its motives, nor its basic supernaturalism. It was not here merely the discrepancy between Shakespearean blank verse and modern idiom (in fact, the overcoming of this difficulty brings out interesting new values in the lines), but the experiment went to pieces because human behaviour and social institutions have taken us so far from those depicted in *Macbeth*. I want to see it produced expressionistically as a conflict between the forces of determinism and free-will, because that is the eternal philosophical problem which Shakespeare has incarnated in the play; but as a conflict between a modern Scottish gentleman and his neighbours, it doesn't hold water. It is not merely that the C.I.D. would have something to say, but that in almost every way the machinery of the play gets out of gear. When we hear of the Birnam Wood camouflage idea, our minds react towards Verey lights and reconnoitring planes; when we see the witches, who look rather like intoxicated charladies and give their incantation as though they are ordering the separate items from Selfridge's by telephone, we feel that their performance would have made little impression on those "brass hats." This phase of the play could (without inconsistency) have been left in the realm of pure poetry; it suffered by the attempt to translate it into naturalism.

Miss Mary Merrall's Lady Macbeth, played as what is called a "vamp," was convincing enough, perhaps because this type is the most primitive thing in our time. Her instigation scene, and her nervous modern reactions during the murder, were well planned. Mr. Eric Maturin, playing Macbeth, gave us some new interpretation as a result of the method of production, but failed to transcribe the lines into modern idiom; the honours in this direction went to Mr. Scott Sunderland, whose Macduff was a creation.

Allowing for difficulties even, I did not find Mr. Ayliff's production satisfying. The banquet scene went on as though these people were perfectly undisturbed by a king going mad at his own dining-table; but as they had shown hardly more concern on the occasion of Duncan's murder, one could but congratulate the Macbeths upon the exquisite *sang froid* of their guests. The battle-scenes, upon which much care had been expended in the way of noises specially recorded on Salisbury Plain, so teemed with anachronisms that the nine gentlemen in trench helmets who conscientiously filed in and out of the window could not help us.

It was a courageous effort, however, and we may be permitted to admire this, though it fails to effect any further step in the Shakespeare tradition.

One other instance of showman *versus* immortal has been occupying public attention during the last month: that of Mr. Loraine's production of Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*. The translation and script used have been violently attacked by no less a person than the Swedish Minister and defended by no less another than Miss Lind-af-Hageby. Accepting *a priori* that practically all translations are impossibly stilted, I could only feel that Mr. Loraine's version seemed approximately that with which I and other non-Swedish-reading Englishmen are familiar. That the pause in *The Dance of Death* which ends the first part gives an incomplete impression of Strindberg's play and controverts Strindberg's philosophy is not Colonel Loraine's fault. He might have printed at the top of the programme the key-sentence of the play: "How keen-witted we are made by our hatreds; and stupid by our loves," and thus keyed the production to Strindberg's one-stringed fiddle. Actually his failure was in the direction of melodrama and of miscasting. Mr. Edmund Gwenn struggled to prevent himself from carrying Curt straight into the realm of pure fun; Miriam Lewes hissed her lines about two chops as though the reference were to the guillotine. This melodrama lost the subtlety of the play and left one with the impression of Strindberg as a smaller author than we know him to be. In spite of it, however, there was the terrible virility of the creations, and that comment of "endless compassion" which underlies his portrayal of human miseries.

The Songs of Granville Bantock

By Hermon Ould

PROFESSOR GRANVILLE BANTOCK was born in London in 1868. As compositions have been coming from his pen since he was little more than a boy, it is not surprising that he has already a very considerable volume of work to his credit. In this article my task is merely to give some account of his accomplishments as a song-writer, but he has also written a large number of choral works, including a setting for voices and orchestra of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám," probably his most important work; two choral symphonies; "The Song of Songs," for chorus and orchestra; many other works for choir alone and for voices and orchestra; a large number of suites, etc., for orchestra alone; an opera, and incidental music to many plays. So his songs are a small part of his output.

Not that they are in any sense throw-outs or less worthy of detailed consideration than his major works. Throughout he seems to have had the impulse to write songs, and the characteristics which inform the rest of his compositions are visible in varying degrees in most of them. Broadly speaking, three main characteristics dominate his work in whatever genre : his keen dramatic sense; his reliance upon literary or other external (generally Eastern) inspiration, and his astonishing fluency. All these qualities are observable from the beginning, but they have their dangers—not always overcome.

The Oriental influence began long ago. Whether Professor Bantock has travelled in the East I do not know, but evidently from the first Oriental subjects attracted him, and even during his studentship at the Royal Academy of Music two works with Eastern subjects were performed. At one period in his early manhood he toured the world with a musical comedy company, as conductor, and it is possible that this experience was the indirect inspiration of much of his early work as a song-writer. The six volumes of "Songs of the East" should be especially noted. They cover a sufficiently wide territory, the countries celebrated being Arabia, Japan, Egypt, Persia, India, and China. The verses are by Helen F. Bantock, whom the Professor married in 1899. Whatever may be the means by which the composer determined to differentiate these Eastern countries, it must be admitted that he has succeeded in creating atmospheres sufficiently different; and it is of no great

importance whether the idiom which he has chosen for expressing, say, China, bears any resemblance to Chinese music or not. Probably it doesn't; but it is at least easily distinguishable from the idiom which seems appropriate (for some reason unknown to me) to Persia and Egypt. The Japanese set (1898) are on the whole the lightest, but it cannot be said that any of the songs in these six volumes make unusual demands upon the musical understanding of ordinarily cultured musicians. "The Musume's Song," a bright trifle, is no more abstruse than the songs from *The Geisha*, which was probably popular round about the same period; but most of the other songs in the book reveal a keener musicianship than the composer of *The Geisha* was master of. Even as early as this, Bantock was displaying an enviable fluency in the invention of melodies united with the power to provide accompaniments interesting in themselves as well as appropriate to the songs—a faculty none too common among English song-writers in those days. Even these early compositions are duets for voice and pianoforte rather than tunes with accompaniments; and this admirable practice is one which the composer rarely abandoned in his later work.

It would not be difficult to trace certain academic influences at work on the young composer at this date, but it is more pertinent to point out where he was steering an individual course. One thing is immediately evident—a resourcefulness which never allows him to stick. Ideas are abundant, indeed, so abundant that sometimes a little costiveness might have been a healthy corrective to a dangerous facility. The frequent ringing of the changes on a pentatonic scale in octaves in order to induce a Chinese flavour is one symptom of a tendency to accept the first idea which presents itself rather than wait on a better. However, there are many delightful songs in these six volumes; all achieve a certain level of musicianship, and all are eminently singable.

Some years later the composer turned his attention again to Chinese themes, and in his two sets of "Five Songs from the Chinese Poets," for which Mr. Cranmer-Byng provided the English words, he revealed a much subtler craftsmanship than was apparent in the earlier volumes. In the meantime, his appointment as Professor of Music at Birmingham University had done nothing

to diminish his zeal or his productivity, and although he was doubtless in touch with all that his contemporaries were doing, he shows little tendency to be influenced by them. Every now and again one imagines an echo of Debussy, but the echo is faint and not sufficiently constant to be described as an influence. It comes, curiously enough, in a song which bears the same title as one of Debussy's better-known pianoforte pieces, "Clair de Lune." Debussyish or not, it is a beautiful little song, delicately etched, and full of atmosphere. Two other songs in this first volume (first series), "The Ghost Road" and "The Celestial Weaver," on a somewhat larger scale than the "Moon Song," are in the same class. Imagination of a high order has gone to their making. The pseudo-Chinese idiom is much more ingeniously contrived than in the earlier songs, and musically the invention is both subtler and more original. The composer has by no means put on one side his gift of melody, but he now uses melodies which do not so readily come to the tongue. Even "The Return of Spring" and "The Pavilion of Abounding Joy," which are a little nearer in character to the earlier songs with their tinkling octaves, are much more inventive in pattern and give the singer something to get her teeth into; and this is true also of "A Dream of Spring," which has the same *naïveté* of expression as the earlier songs, but a much more interesting musical texture.

A dozen other Chinese songs have been published separately, including some of the best and the best-known. As it happens, one which has received the most flattering attention, "A Feast of Lanterns," is one of the least "Chinese." There is a warmth of colour in it and something even of passion which one does not associate with Chinese art. Effective as the song is, it seems to me less inevitable as a setting than many others of the composer, and without being a purist, I find the repetition of words the poet used but once wrong in theory and disturbing in practice. In "Adrift," again, little or no attempt is made to create a Chinese atmosphere, perhaps because Mr. Cranmer-Byng's version of the Li Po poem is a rendering in an English verse-form, without local references to call up an Eastern picture. This is a flowing and expressive song, which suits Mr. Frank Mullings, with his somewhat florid temperament and fine sense of phrase.

Mr. E. Powys Mathers provided the text for the other Chinese songs, and in these, following his author, Professor Bantock again recaptures the flavour appropriate to a western conception of the East. "The Emperor," which provides a welcome element of humour, is the most nearly in the conventional Chinese vein, but none of the other four could be mistaken for a purely European conception. They are all in their several ways effective, and if any singer with a sense of drama failed to make a success of "The Red Lotus," which ends originally with a long unaccompanied recitative, the fault would be his or the audience's, not the composer's.

I have already said that a keen dramatic sense is typical of Professor Bantock's work. The group of settings of Browning's poems provides as many instances of this as there are songs. Although all are not equally good, all are thoroughly effective and honest, and many of them should rejoice in the unusual quality of being pleasing to the groundlings as well as the connoisseur; for not only does Bantock know how to write a tune, but he also knows how to provide a singer with opportunities to display a voice. Consider "In a Year." Here, to start off with, is a good tune, made more expressive by an agitating accompaniment, which does not fail to underline the dramatic contents of the poem when necessary. And, as the emotional import grows more urgent, so does the music become more emotional, and the singer is given an opportunity to let herself go on a good middle note which does not in any way militate against the quiet but intense climax when it comes on a low pianissimo note—"Is it God?"

In these Browning lyrics Bantock shows that his long fidelity to Eastern themes has not impaired his capacity for dealing with Western ideas in a Western manner. They show, moreover, that when necessary he can drop mere "atmosphere" and express even such literary material as Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics," "Paracelsus," etc., in terms of pure music. Going over these songs—not to mention "The Song of Songs" and "Pagan Chants"—I have been moved to wonder why we should have had only one opera (and that a comparatively early work) from this source. A ready flow of musical ideas, a sense of atmosphere, an unusual capacity for creating local colour by means of sounds, and, above all, a sharp

dramatic sense (lacked by so many opera composers)—surely these qualities ought to have induced Granville Bantock to tackle another opera!

With "Sappho" (nine fragments for contralto and piano), published as long ago as 1906, Bantock showed how at home his muse was in a dramatic *milieu;* how natural it was to express himself in a flowing vocal line which would lend itself admirably to operatic declamation, and how easily he could make his dramatic points by musical means. These nine fragments are, indeed, less nine songs than a single dramatic song-scena, and it would be much more profitable to give the whole set without interruption.

Much the same must be said of the "Five Ghazals of Hafiz," for baritone, and the more recent "Pagan Chants," which take on a finer shape when considered as a whole than when looked at as separate items; but it must not be thought that a sense of incompleteness is felt in singing the songs separately. Like gems in a necklet, each can be enjoyed by itself.

Classical inspiration has served Bantock well of late years, and never more happily than in "Songs of Arcady," in which the Naiad, the Satyr, the Dryad, and the Faun are celebrated. The characteristics of these mythological beings are conveyed with an inventiveness, clarity, and humour which are altogether delightful. There is nothing beyond similarity of theme to connect these four songs, and there is no special reason why they should be sung in sequence. They seem to me among Professor Bantock's happiest inspirations. On the same plane are the three songs from the Greek Anthology and the "Three Idyls for Voice and Flute"—an experiment in form and timbre which would reward any singer venturesome enough to tackle them.

There are other songs which would especially repay study. "The March" is a dignified and restrained setting of Mr. J. C. Squire's fine poem, and the three settings of Blake's poems, "Love's Secret," "In Myrtle Shade," and "The Wild Flower's Song," are singularly charming and unaffected, and the bold descending passage in the first-named on the last word of the line, "He took her with a sigh," is fully justified, as venturesomeness generally is. His contribution to music for children has also been considerable.

Books

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

THE SHAKESPEARE MYSTERY. By GEORGE CONNES. Abridged and translated into English by a Member of the Shakespeare Fellowship. Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.

THIS lucid book offers a convenient summary of a vast literature and should be sufficient for the general reader, as it is fair all round. Professor Connes, of the University of Dijon, published in 1926 twelve lectures on the doubts and difficulties concerning Shakespeare which have led to various theories, summing up finally in favour of the traditional view. In this translation two lectures are omitted, but enough is published to present Anti-Stratfordian views. Showing singular self-command, the author summarizes these without stating objections or correcting misconceptions. The English Preface should certainly have mentioned the name of Sir George Greenwood, the most learned and skilful opponent of the orthodox beliefs.

The Professor has given a year to the study of these controversies, and that is not too much for an extremely complicated subject. When an inquirer declares this or that to be strange or unusual, he has no right to reach such a conclusion until he has studied Elizabethan conditions, often widely different from our own. No one need regret the dropping of the chapter on ciphers and cryptograms. Let a person who believes in that sort of thing attempt to write not good poetry, but a few natural sentences in prose and see how long it takes him to do it. Let him also inquire into the conditions under which the Elizabethan compositor did his work. Some of the theorists invite prejudice against their case by their gross ignorance of matters every scholar should understand.

The author's conclusion is that, if a superficial study of the Shakespeare problem takes one away from Shakespeare, an extended study brings one back to him. He thinks, however, that any view strongly held is worth consideration. The last chapter supplies some of the objections to the theorists; and there are many more. Where does abundant folklore and a strong interest in country sports figure in the writings of the various claimants, if they have any to show? How did local details of Stratford get into their writing? The learned references in the plays suit the Shakespeare we know and nobody else equally well. It is now recognized that too much education is apt to thwart rather than to encourage genius. If Shakespeare

had a memory like Walter Scott's, he could make an amazing use of the learning gathered in his schooldays, and he could gain from free and attentive intercourse with men of all sorts as much knowledge as Johnson ascribes to his friend Savage. The expert opinion of professional critics whose business it is to consider Shakespeare is unanimous in favour of his authorship, and it is a little unfair to suggest that all of them are pledged to the orthodox view, whether they believe it or not. What does fairly emerge from trustworthy investigations today is the fuller recognition of Shakespeare as an adapter or collaborator.

V. R.

THE WORKS OF JANE AUSTEN. Georgian Edition. With Introductions by JOHN BAILEY. 5 vols. Eveleigh Nash. 25s.

WE remember a clever woman saying that the novels of Jane Austen were no more interesting than a Dorcas party, knitting and small talk. Yet, when we met her next year, she was an enthusiastic Janeite. The enthusiasts—though Jane Austen, like a liqueur, is not everybody's taste—increase daily; and this new edition with excellently clear type, the addition of the fragments "Lady Susan" and "The Watsons," and the comments of Mr. John Bailey, is very welcome. Admirers are by no means agreed about their favourite among the maturer books, but Mr. Bailey's nice and well-founded judgments should please most of them. "Pride and Prejudice," which Scott read at least three times, and Disraeli, we may add, seventeen times, is the most brilliant of all, and Elizabeth a figure worthy of the author's own praise. Mr. Collins is undoubtedly what we call, when we deal with Dickens, a grotesque, and Mr. Bailey has some good remarks on exaggerations of this kind.

The modern reader, before he can appreciate the wit and irony which play round the books, often expressed in roundabout negatives which suggest the Oxford don, may wonder at the great part match-making and intelligent anticipation of coming unions play among the ladies. These things are due to their restricted opportunities for occupying their time and brains. It is notable also that, when the happy pair discover their affinity, the author describes the disclosure coolly instead of falling into exclamations and asterisks. But though good sense modifies the raptures of Cupid with ideas about being able to keep a carriage, a flannel waistcoat is recognized as not fatal to a lover, and the supreme sentiment holds its rightful place. Jane Austen, too, had her romance of which we know so little. Perhaps part of her charm is that she lacked that "nostalgia of the infinite" which affects the Russians of whom Mr. Bailey writes as so different.

BOOKS

PROBLEMS OF TODAY

EXPLAINING CHINA. By JOHN EARL BAKER. A. M. Philpot. 15s.

THERE is something significant and symptomatic in the fact that, of all the many books written around and about China during the past decade, the only two which afford a rational explanation of the post-revolutionary chaos are the work of American observers. Of these one is Mr. W. H. Mallory's inquiry into the causes of chronic famine in China; the other is the subject of the present review. That both these observers should have got down to the heart of the matter is probably due to the fact that they both approach the subject, not as advocates of any political theory or educational programme, but as economists and sociologists, drawing scientific conclusions from facts carefully recorded. And both have dealt with famine at close quarters, an enlightening experience.

Mr. Baker has spent ten years serving China in various capacities, which have enabled him to supplement his knowledge of the history and literature of ancient China with a wide and varied experience of present-day movements and conditions; his comments on current events are therefore extremely interesting and valuable. They are, moreover, expressed with the cautious diffidence common to thoughtful observers who have given the best years of their life to work for and amongst the Chinese. Mr. Baker makes no claim to the cocksure finality of the political perambulator who, after spending six weeks in China, comes away with his preconceived ideas fortified by a mass of carefully selected evidence and proceeds therewith to enlighten the world. Mr. Baker expressly disclaims anything like finality for his conclusions. He offers his work in the hope that other students of the subject may benefit from "a consideration of the historical reading, the geographical data, and the economic and sociological theory corrected by observation, which he himself has found useful in adjusting his own course to actual life and service in China." The reader will find in this book little or no reference to the individual tuchuns, marshals, and ministers who emerge for a moment from the welter of civil strife; but in such chapters as those which deal with "The Chinese attitude towards law and its administration," the worship of learning, the problem of population, and the returned student, he will find solid material for forming a generally accurate idea of the fundamental factors of the Chinese problem. Mr. Baker perceives very clearly the obstacles which must prevent any rapid substitution of the West's habit of majority rule for the Chinese habit of minority rule, deep-rooted in the nation's family system. Equally clearly he recognizes the imperative

need for a new class of leaders "who can teach the Chinese masses to recognize the fundamentals of order and progress." His work reveals throughout a genuine affection for the Chinese people, and ends with his confident belief that their collective wisdom will in due time find a way out of their present afflictions.

J. O. P. BLAND.

WILL CIVILIZATION CRASH? By LT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. Benn. 10s. 6d.

SPENGLER has been foretelling the collapse of our present culture, and, doubtful as some of his generalizations are, he has gained the support of a distinguished historian, Eduard Meyer, obviously affected by the tragedy of the war. It is war and the recent return to a glorification of it that has impelled the author to write this book. He points out with striking detail the dangers we have been dealing with in our own columns—the horrors of the gas attacks to be expected, the futilities of the League of Nations, a "glorified debating society," and the many factors that militate, more or less openly, against world peace. Today, Europe treads on "fires beneath the treacherous ash." Mr. Wells, admitting in his Introduction that he was "taken by surprise by the Great War," declaims, as usual, against the general stupidity and incompetence; but we do not think people are so thoughtless nowadays as he would have us believe. And what is to be done to stop war? That is the question. Force is a poor way of settling any dispute, but we have to resort to "force—till right is ready," as Matthew Arnold remarked.

Commander Kenworthy declares that "the United States, Great Britain, Holland, and Switzerland could prohibit war to all the rest of the world tomorrow—if they chose," because they control the finance of the world and the supplies necessary for war on a modern scale. They must then get together; but how is such an agreement to be reached with international jealousies and rivalries? The recent attitude of the United States seems to be that Europe, except as a debtor, is no concern of theirs. Would any nation today send her men to be killed to save another nation, if her own interests were not involved in the dispute? At least, it would, as the author points out, be a good thing if the private manufacture of munitions could be abolished. But these things are done in a corner, and where is the policeman to ferret them out?

The book is a vivid exposition of the threats to civilization today, such as heavy submarine programmes. We can hardly, however, suppose again such ignorance about a coming war as politicians with every reason to know exhibited in 1914. We

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By MRS. THEODORE PENNELL. In this story the author treats of the conditions of the ruling class in India and shows how influential may be the mother at Court. Incidentally she touches upon questions of Imperial concern.

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LITERARY ACROSTIC. No. 55.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

do not agree with all the Commander's statements and deductions, but if the average man is as stupid as Mr. Wells thinks, he ought to see things presented without the eyewash dear to the publicist. He ought to be startled, and this book should perform that function. At any rate, he has lost the comfortable complacency which marked the pre-war period.

FICTION

IRON AND SMOKE. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

IN its earlier chapters this book promises to depend mainly upon no less weary a theme than the more reputable sort of *mariage de convenance*. The attractive daughter of an ill-bred plutocrat is matched with the owner of an ancient title and a heavily-mortgaged estate, who admires her beauty almost as much as he dislikes the manners of her parents. But the wedding of Sir Humphrey Mallard and Jenny Bastow merely leads up to the central concern of the story, which lies in the young wife's discovery that the woman whom she greatly prefers among her husband's friends had been his mistress a few years before, and in the effect of this knowledge on the lives of Jenny herself and her son as yet unborn. Many will regard as almost impossible the revival and even strengthening of the friendship between the two women after Humphrey's early death. It is, on the other hand, the principal achievement of the author so to develop this unpromising subject that probably a majority of readers will find no great difficulty in regarding the relations of Lady Mallard and Mrs. Halnaker as quite reasonable.

Beginning with 1896 and the first appearance of motor-cars, the plot hurries along, but never breathlessly, till, eighteen years after Humphrey's death, his son, Aubrey, goes to the war. Within about thirty pages of the end enters one of the best-drawn characters—the typical pleasure-hunting girl of today, whom Aubrey chooses as his bride. The type has rarely been so well sketched in so few lines. "Wing," Mrs. Halnaker's strong-minded, but lovable and essentially feminine daughter, is another excellent piece of character.

LEEWAY. By HORACE SHIPP. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a first novel of real distinction. Mr. Shipp is a practised craftsman in words and manages his narrative and dialogue like an old hand. He sees his London background with the discerning eye of an artist and contrasts his types effectively. His humour is not always well brought out, but he knows the ways both of luxurious ladies and landladies. The story concerns the making of a wayward boy of literary talent into a man no longer

pushed this way and that by various forces, but free to do the right work and choose his own life. True, he is in prison at the end, like Butler's Ernest in "The Way of all Flesh," and on the way to divorce, but he has learnt to cast aside the idols of the market-place.

A Socialist meeting brought him into contact with the women who influenced him. Two of them led him to luxury and the lure of popular success in the theatre. Details of literary journalism and the commercial drama are hit off with delightful malice. An actor-manager "invented his autobiography backwards as he went forwards, until everybody knew everything that had happened to him except what had." He was busy with "his life work of living up to his self-created caricature." But among much that is happy and well-observed the delicacy and beauty of the hero's relations with his mother are the top of Mr. Shipp's achievement. She is from the first the one to understand him and has to suffer the tragedy of a widening separation.

EAST OF MANSION HOUSE. By THOMAS BURKE. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

IN these twelve stories Mr. Burke writes effectively of Chinese, small shopkeepers, factory workers, and those who find their pleasure in the lure of the streets and public-houses. The tales are divided between romance, irony, and horror, the last presented to advantage in a minimum of words. Throughout, the author is master of his ground and material, and his work is full of sinister colour. The Chinese figures shine out as singularly faithful in their memory of benefactors. Some of the stories keep for the reader a surprise which reminds us of O. Henry. Life's ironies have seldom been better exhibited than in "The Purse," which exhibits a conflict of mind like that of Lamb's "Barbara S——," but a different ending.

THEY WHO PADDLE. By ROSALIND WEBSTER. Murray. 7s. 6d.

THE scheme of this book is far from convincing. It is difficult to believe that a mere girl could write a great play of deep feeling and make £40,000 out of it, or that her parents would be too "deeply embedded in the bigoted narrow-mindedness" of the Victorians to be trusted with such a shocking disclosure. The father of the playwriting heroine would at least have been on her side. Miss Webster's next novel will probably have a better plot. Meanwhile, this one shows an easy gift of narrative and a pleasant sense of humour, while we leave the heroine happily married to her first choice, which may be a novelty nowadays. The vagaries and affectations of the latest generation of fashionable young women are pungently exposed, though we must hope that only a few in

actual life are so cheaply vulgar as these pages suggest. The title indicates those who are afraid to venture into the sea of life, and so keep to the safe, smug shore.

HISTORY

A History of the English People, 1830–41. By Elie Halévy. Translated by E. I. Watkin. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

This book, the third volume of Dr. Halévy's history, is good reading. It shows all his admirable lucidity and power of selecting effective material, while it gives a detached and learned view of a startling period of reform. It was the troubles of Paris, he suggests, that started the fever of unrest in England, for there was no new economic factor to make the labourer's position worse than it had been for years. Among all the cross-currents of politics that ensued, Wellington stands out as a determined man, unwilling to yield anything and only using his prestige in opposition which embittered the situation further. Brougham, who played a considerable part in affairs, was a charlatan in his claims for universal knowledge; but at least he abolished the death penalty for a number of crimes, a detail that this history rightly records. Bentham, with his strange disciples, proved a copious source of agitation. They had a surprising success with their poor-law ideas, because, as M. Halévy explains, the country gentlemen saw themselves protected by officials against importunate solicitation.

In considering the Oxford Movement he points out that there was at the time a High Church party attached to ritual, but not to the subtleties of Oxford theology; and that the Evangelicals were powerful for good, doing more for the emancipation of slaves and the protection of children in factories than the Radicals, and this in spite of an intellectual feebleness which made them an easy prey for ridicule.

Looking back over the period, one sees that Peel had great chances with which he did little, probably owing to his unfortunate personality. He was proud and cold. When he comes to Chartism, the author notes the absence of revolutionary violence, which makes but small appeal to an Englishman. A general strike for political ends the Englishman does not want, and when revolutionaries capture movements, they lose the masses of the people—in this country at any rate. The Radicals, though increasingly powerful and always vocal in papers and pamphlets, were a heterogeneous collection of different opinions.

The treatment of Prince Albert when he came over as the Consort of the young Queen is shown to have been very unfair. She had taken him as an " exceedingly handsome " man, a source of distraction from political cares; but she meant to rule without

his advice, and refused his personal request to be allowed to choose the Gentlemen of his own Household. He was not even permitted to form a salon of artists and professors. History has somewhat tardily recognized his merits.

The text throughout is supported by footnotes, which show a massive erudition in the fugitive publications of the period. To have read all this—the "Life of Jabez Bunting," the "Minutes of Methodist Conferences," the *Eclectic Review* on "Established and Voluntary Churches," and endless Parliamentary Debates—is a feat in itself.

THE HISTORY OF HITCHIN. By REGINALD L. HINE. With 40 illustrations. Vol. I. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

SEVERAL attempts have been made towards the history of Hitchin; but we need not regret that they remain in MS., as Mr. Hine proves an admirable historian in every way. He has taken immense pains to master documents from the widest sources; he has got experts to look over his work; and his way of writing shows both skill and enthusiasm. A parish, as he truly says, is *speculum mundi*, a mirror of the larger world, and this local history takes us into the company of several people of note, such as the Baliols and the Radcliffes.

The illustrations, excellently produced by Mr. Emery Walker, range from villeins reaping the lord's corn under the bailiff's eye to the last Hitchin beadle, celebrated for his portly presence. Mr. Hine can be learned about ecclesiastical matters, but he does not disdain the repute of local heroes, or even the record of an umbrella bought as early as 1742.

Hitchin seems particularly keen about old memories, to judge from the number of memoranda Mr. Hine has been able to see or acquire, and it can now claim a local historian of the first class. It is pleasant to see a long list of subscribers printed at the end of the volume. We hope to see this method of publishing widely adopted for sound work which makes no immediate appeal to a public accustomed to sensation.

GENERAL

ROBES OF THESPIS. Edited for RUPERT MASON by GEORGE SHERINGHAM and R. BOYD MORRISON. Benn. £8 8s.

To give a place in theatre costume work to unknown artists by publishing a book of their designs alongside the *arrivés* in the art is a spirited idea; to expend £5,000 on the purchase of drawings and essays and their collection and production is Mæcenas-like; and so far Mr. Rupert Mason deserves our thanks. But philanthropy, like patriotism, is not enough, and a book with this price and pretensions must be judged by the strictest canons.

Those who know what is being done in the theatre could have suggested many names more certainly worthy than some of those included; a lady called Curling, for example, whose cheaply cheerful designs exceed in number the works of any other artist in the book, might have given place to half-a-dozen genuine theatre artists. Mr. Conor's drawings, too, are simply not costume designs, although he, at least, can draw. There is a haphazardry about all this which will do no good to the cause of the unknown designer.

The literary side is better, but even here we have shockingly faulty balance. Mr. Max Beerbohm's essay, like his drawings, is an amusing *jeu d'esprit* which has nothing to do with the case; the work at the Lyric has two champions; Ireland three; ballet three; and opera only one. This is hit or miss, not editing. If Mr. Mason had put the literary side into the hands of, say, Mr. Granville Barker or someone equally well-informed, left Mr. Sheringham an unprejudiced choice among designers, and curbed Mr. Morrison's strong Irish partisanship, this book would have more ably fulfilled its task. That there are good and even excellent things in it, and sound informative writing, goes without saying; but a volume of this cost and importance should be above criticism.

H. S.

FRENCH PROSE OF TODAY: AN ANTHOLOGY. Selected and edited by the compilers of "French Poems of Today." Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.

"FRENCH POEMS OF TODAY" was a success and has led to the making of this book. It includes selections from thirty-four prose writers of recent times, and should have a good reception. The compilers begin with Anatole France, and their guidance should be of particular value, because since he died no French writer can boast a recognized pre-eminence except, perhaps, Proust, who is not everybody's reading. Of the older men M. Bourget has lived to be a veteran, but his Catholic prepossessions have reduced his interest on this side of the Channel. Pierre Loti hardly maintained his early repute, but the work of Jules Lemaître remains delightful to read, which cannot be said of other critics famous in their day.

A host of further writers are introduced, all presented with a short and pertinent account of their qualities and best performances. But we notice that none of them is young. No man who began to write in the twentieth century has apparently yet made his mark, and no later prose ranks for distinction with that of M. Barrès and M. André Gide. M. Maurras, who has become so prominent as a Royalist, is represented by a passage on Athens and its critics, and we learn that it was his visit to Greece that convinced him of the futility of democracy.

Edited by
BRIG.-GEN. P. R. C. GROVES,
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THE EMPIRE AND THE AIR.

The following extracts are taken from the very important leader published in "The Times," on the 30th December, 1927:

> In its air, as in its sea communications, for both civil and military objects, the whole Empire stands or falls together. No other State in the world is so dependent on the command of a connected system of air routes linking its scattered possessions over the greater part of the surface of the globe. Yet at present barely the skeleton of the necessary trunk routes is in existence. . . . The British Empire, which has most to gain by world air services, is actually operating to-day a lower mileage than any nation with comparable interests. Germany, France, and Belgium are all ahead of us. . . .
>
> As matters stand, Great Britain has little or no interest in the possible utility of civil aircraft for bombing enemy bases, since her total air transport fleet numbers only twenty machines, not all of which would have any military value in a European war. On the other hand there is no question that the possession of a reserve of pilots, a nucleus of skilled mechanics, a strong workshop and maintenance organisation, and a series of fully developed air routes —all of which could be secured by a wide extension of civil aviation—would in case of war be an inestimable addition to the strength and resources of the Royal Air Force for purposes of defence. For these various reasons the active encouragement of civil aviation in all its branches is a matter of increasingly vital importance to the security and prosperity of the nation and the Empire.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL, 1928

Correspondence

Russia and the Economic "Bloc"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—It is not yet apparent whether Germany as a whole has completely digested the lesson which might be learned from the impudent violation by Russia, in the arrest of German engineers, of the specific clauses of the Treaty of October 1925. Article XI, for example, of the section dealing with rights of residence provides that "each of the contracting parties undertakes to adopt the necessary measures to inform the consul of the other party as soon as possible whenever a national of the country which he represents is arrested in his district," and the final protocol prescribes rigid time-limits within which details of such arrests must be forthcoming. Presumably, however, individual Germans will in future show considerable reluctance to accept missions for their firms in a country where even treaty provisions for the protection of individual liberties are so contemptuously disregarded. It might be expected, therefore, that in Germany generally the recent events will encourage the conviction that solidarity among civilized powers, politically and economically, is likely to prove the only satisfactory method of dealing with Soviet Russia.

It is, perhaps, more immediately interesting to note the repercussion in Moscow of the various attempts to secure such solidarity, including the negotiations of M. de Monzie. An interesting account of this repercussion is provided in a long dispatch to the *Berliner Tageblatt* from the distinguished Moscow correspondent of that paper. It occupies some three columns of the morning edition of March 10. "In these negotiations," writes Herr Scheffer, "the Russians perceive veiled malice and enmity in embryo. In France and Germany such economic co-operation is regarded as an admirable means of *rapprochement* . . . but the Kremlin only sees in it an inimical conspiracy." The correspondent than goes on to explain with what logical consistency Soviet Russia has built up the machinery of foreign trade monopoly for the express purpose of exploiting the rivalries between other countries and foreign business houses. This sentence is so striking that it deserves attention by all concerned. "The foreign trade monopoly is chiefly characterized by its ability to exploit to the last and uttermost competition between foreign clients, whereas any similar competition in offers from the Russian market is absolutely excluded." Herr Scheffer gives examples with which I need not

trouble you, and then proceeds to point out that just because this State monopoly has its disadvantages also, Russia is bound to endeavour to maintain to the utmost such advantages as it does offer. And he continues: "Thence comes the extraordinary severity wherewith the Soviet authorities reject any attempt of foreign trading communities to strengthen their own hands against this enormous Russian machine. Such attempts can only be made by internal combinations in the several countries concerned or by international agreements." Thus, he explains, Soviet Russia has rejected passionately the German suggestion of an export bank which by uniform financing of export and import business between Russia and Germany on the German side would establish some sort of counterpoise to the trade monopoly. Herr Scheffer remarks that it is only natural that European traders faced by such a novel machine as the trade monopoly should themselves seek to devise new methods of dealing with it. "There is much to be said for the thesis that only a centralization of Russian business on the part of the 'bourgeoisie' can really encourage an inclination to do business proportionate to the possibilities which actually present themselves." He remarks that the construction of a purely negative "single front" against Russia is the less likely in proportion as Russian business is calculated to advantage both sides, and not Russia only. But such logic finds a deaf ear in Moscow. "In Moscow it is feared that such combinations within the bourgeois economic organization may originally be intended to do positive work, but may subsequently be converted into hostile organizations, leading to boycotts and other measures." Herr Scheffer urges that such desires to isolate Russia are mainly political in origin, but are encouraged rather than checked by the increasing difficulties in the way of profitable trade with the Soviet.

But Moscow will not listen. On the contrary, the Soviet authorities declare that they will checkmate any such attempts at bourgeois coalition "by forcing and strengthening relations with other countries where a more 'businesslike' attitude is adopted." "Such threats," continues Herr Scheffer, "are unpleasant, but they also have this disadvantage for the threateners, that they once more show that the Soviet trade monopoly offers less than the normal guarantees for a stability of trade relations once established. In the eyes of European industry this is an additional reason for restraint and caution." He considers it astonishing that Soviet authorities, which in other directions where they are themselves concerned believe so firmly in a consequential logic, should "practically forbid" bourgeois countries, already showing strong tendencies to cartels, to take a leaf out of the Soviet book.

He admits that, owing to the complicated machinery in Russia and abroad which has been built up round the foreign trade monopoly, it would be very difficult for the Soviet authorities to change it if they wished. But he also points out that the plans of European countries for a unity of front as against Russia are the best proof that what is desired is a machine to deal with the monopoly, and not an instrument to break it. (Upon this point there might, no doubt, be two opinions. Eventually, it may be conjectured, the monopoly would prove so disadvantageous to Russia if it were properly countered and deprived of those advantages in playing off one firm against another and one country against another, to which Herr Scheffer refers, that Russians themselves would insist on its gradual abandonment. After all, some breach was made in it by the terms

even of the Russo-Persian treaty.) But Herr Scheffer's conclusion is, I think, sound. He says: "It is only possible to enter on a large scale into Russian business if there is an international will to that effect, not only in Germany and Austria." He suggests that the good will is at all events latent everywhere, perhaps even where Moscow least suspects it. And he asks whether Moscow proposes seriously to forbid such an international desire for trade with Russia to pursue logically those very lines of co-operation and co-ordination which the Soviet trade monopoly itself prescribes.

It is clear from Herr Scheffer's dispatch that neither logic nor hard facts have yet done much to convince Moscow that there is only one way of escape from the *impasse* into which Russia has been brought. But may it not well be the case that this deafness to argument and blindness to facts would yield more speedily than now appears before that "unity of front" which Moscow dreads, and which THE ENGLISH REVIEW has advocated and, I trust, will continue to urge?

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES TOWER.

Over-Population

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I trust that you will allow me to make a few remarks on the article on "Over-Population" in your February issue. The writer says that "Many people are alarmed at our decreasing birth-rate, and there is nothing in our recent life over which many newspapers waste more ink and tears." My own experience is that the great majority of people take the declining birth-rate very complacently and the Press as a whole shares the Neo-Malthusian views of Mr. Merritt-Hawkes.

No scientist does say that over-population is inevitable. Some scientists have said that, if population continues to increase for a given number of years at a given rate, and if our productive resources are not improved, then there must be a lowering of the standard of life. By the same speculative arithmetic it has been calculated that, if mankind increases at a given rate, standing-room on the earth, exclusive of the Arctic and Antarctic, would be filled up by the year 3,000.

These mathematical exercises are not science. They can be made to show that five thousand years ago the population of the earth was a fraction of one human being! A calculation by Professor Bowley on the movement of population in this country during the next few decades has a degree of credibility which must be denied to guesses about the population of the world hundreds and thousands of years ahead. Professor Bowley reckons (on the assumption that there is no migration from Britain) that our population will slowly rise until 1971, when it will be 48,859,000; and it will then decline because of the high proportion of older people. (*Economic Journal*, June 1924).

Another authority is Sir William Beveridge, who in his address to the British Association (Economic Section) in 1923 said: "The figures as they stand are eloquent of how little the European races have

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yet done to fill the lands that they hold; how ample the room for their expansion. Any suggestion that these races have reached or are within sight of territorial limits to their growth hardly deserves serious consideration."

Sir William Beveridge holds that not even Europe is within sight of over-population. The United States of America is very much more sparsely populated than Europe. As for Canada, it is safe to say that the Dominion is easily capable of supporting a population of 100 millions instead of the 10 millions which is the population at the present time. I quote from a Canadian Government publication ("Sixty Years of Canadian Progress, 1867–1927"), which says: "Of the land area of the nine provinces, approximately 358,162,190 acres are available for use in agricultural production, being 2½ times the present occupied area and five times the present improved area of farm lands."

South America and Australasia have potentialities almost equal to those of Canada. As regards Africa, it is now being pointed out that a great part of the Dark Continent is high and healthy and eminently suited for white colonization. It is well known that articles on the Empire which appear in *The Round Table* are written by men with knowledge. An article that appeared last June in that periodical said: "Though Europe has a population of 450,000,000, the African Highlands probably do not contain more than 25,000,000 native inhabitants, and even that population is very unequally distributed. . . . The white man is colonizing these territories from South Africa right up to the Abyssinian border in increasing numbers. The nature of the climate, the sparseness of the native population, and the high elevation of so much of the country make it possible for him to continue

to do so, and whether he will eventually succeed or not, he is making an attempt to create a new land for white settlement in an area two-thirds as large as Europe, and stretching from the Equator to the Cape."

The Prime Minister of Australia has repeatedly stated that the slow rate of increase in the Commonwealth is a political danger as well as an economic handicap. Canada has not only natural resources but material equipment like railway systems far in excess of the capacity of the present population to use adequately. There are more foreigners than British entering Canada as immigrants. A real and near danger to the British Empire and the British race is the decline of our birth-rate. Many great Empires and nations have been troubled in the past by depopulation. There is no case on record of a great nation losing its position through over-population. Let us consider the facts of history and our present situation, and not frighten ourselves with entirely hypothetical calculations as to the coal reserves three hundred years hence.

Yours, etc.,

H. SOMERVILLE.

Rome and the Free State

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Would it be permissible for another writer to contribute a few remarks arising out of two features of your March issue: the correspondence between Mr. M. J. Bastible and "Pat," on "Ireland and the Roman Church," and the article of Mr. Leo Ward on the *Action Française*? A similar principle is involved in both.

Mr. Bastible says that "I am afraid 'Pat' must seek for the causes of Irish disaffection deeper than in the hypothetical hostility of the [Roman] Catholic Church to the British Empire." In reply to this, "Pat" quotes many facts showing Papal hostility to British principles.

It seems to me that there is some truth on both sides, but that, on the whole, "Pat" has the best of it. That Roman Catholicism alone is at the bottom of Irish hatred of England cannot be maintained. That hatred was bitter long before the Reformation. The ravages of the Catholic Normans in Ireland were as fierce as those of Cromwell the Puritan. The struggle has been a racial one as much as a religious one. Nevertheless, "Pat" is right in his contention that a main modern factor has been Roman Catholicism, which identified itself with Irish racialism, and thus gave that struggle its element of religious zeal. That in so doing the Roman Church was not actuated by love of Irish patriotism, but by considerations of Church strategy, is proved by facts. For example, in the reign of Henry II, when England was Catholic, the Pope supported English attacks on Ireland, and he supported the Irish only when England, in the reign of Elizabeth, had become opposed to the Holy See. Indeed, "nationalism" as such is by no means loved by the Papacy. It had no sympathy for the struggles of the Netherlands against Alva and the Imperialism

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of Spain; and, after the war of 1914–1918, one of the causes of secessions from the Latin Church in Czecho-Slovakia was the former complicity of the Catholic hierarchy in Austro-Hungarian oppression of the Czechs.

The key to the whole problem is found in the Papal conception of the relation which ought to exist between Church (i.e. the Roman Church) and State. That conception is: Each power (Church and State) has its own sphere, but the civil power is subordinate to the Church; the State should establish and profess the Roman faith and repress others; and general religious tolerance is an evil, in which the Holy See at most acquiesces, if unavoidable, but which it always regrets. As Pope Leo XIII said ("Encyclical Libertas," 1888): "Justice itself forbids, and reason itself forbids, the State to be godless, or to adopt a line of action which would end in godlessness; i.e. to treat the various religions (as they are styled) alike, and to bestow upon them promiscuously equal rights and privileges. Since, then, the profession of one religion is necessary to the State, that religion [i.e. the Roman Catholic] must be professed which alone is true." And (same Encyclical): "Though, in the extraordinary conditions of these times, the Church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, she does so not as approving them in themselves, but because she judges it expedient to permit them until, in better times, she can exercise her own liberty." And ("Encyclical Sapientiæ," 1890) he said that civil laws opposed to Catholic doctrine are invalid: "then truly, to resist becomes a positive duty; to obey, a crime."

It will be seen that the principles of Roman Catholicism, and those of the British Empire, are diametrically opposed. Indeed, in his Lenten Pastoral for this year, Cardinal Bourne says that the deposition

of Queen Elizabeth by Pope Pius V was, though perhaps inexpedient, yet unquestionably just; i.e. he justifies the deposing power of the Pope.

"Pat," then, is right in the main. The principles of the Papacy are utterly hostile to those of the British Empire, and the fact that little or no open hostility exists is merely because it is not "expedient." The latent enmity was displayed openly, however, in Ireland from the reign of Elizabeth right up to 1921.

A word as to Mr. Leo Ward's article. He justifies the Papal condemnation of the *Action Française* by reason of the anti-Christian tendencies of the latter. There is a good deal of truth in that contention; but it does not exhaust the subject. Mr. Ward does not mention the Papal claim to superiority to the State, involving the further claim to annul State laws. When we bear this in mind, we see that there is a more serious issue involved than Mr. Ward seems to realize.

Yours, etc.,

J. W. POYNTER.

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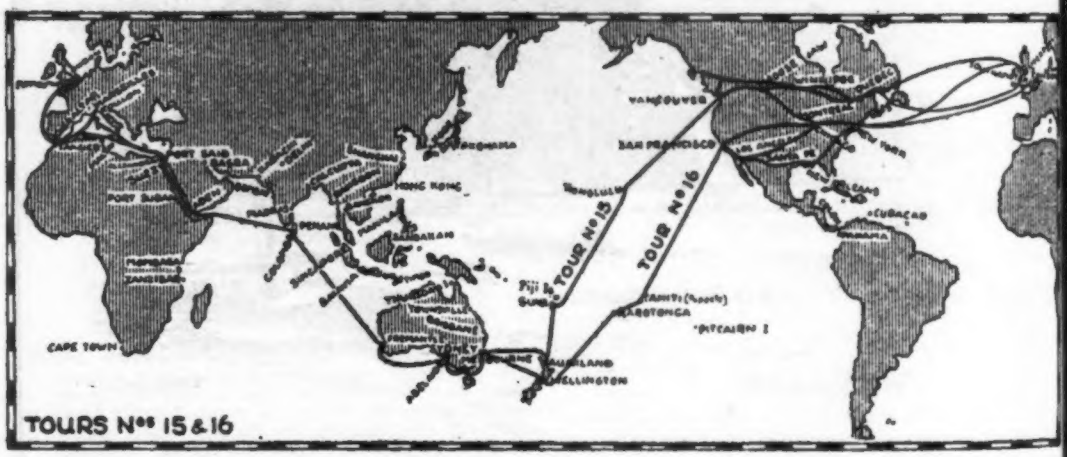

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